Can America Develop a World Conscience? . . By Sumner Welles

THE
Saturday Review
OF LITERATURE

VOLUME XXVII No. 52 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1944 FIFTEEN CENTS

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

"IT'S ALWAYS TOMORROW"
by Robert St. John
Reviewed by Rulka Langer

"THE U. S. AT WAR"
U. S. Camera 1945
Reviewed by Eric Schaal

"THE MISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY"
by Ortega y Gasset
Reviewed by Eric Russell Bentley

STRICTLY PERSONAL
(A Reply to Elmer Rice)
by Morrie Ryskind

SEEING THINGS
(A Review of "A Bell for Adano")
by John Mason Brown

"DOWN WITH POETS!"
An Editorial

The 1945 U. S. Camera annual brings the war closer to you than anything short of actual participation. (See page 7)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

christmas chungking 1943

THERE IS a natural connection between books and Christmas. The very story of Christmas itself, its beauty and tenderness, its hope and its joy, are preserved to us in the greatest of all Books, and there are a host of others, great and small, which carry in them the season's traditions of friendship and family reunion and all the rest of the good things. It's generally more fun to prepare Christmas advertising than any other, at least for us, and we watched the deadline for this particular insertion drawing nearer without trepidation. This was one page that would not be hard to write.

And then a book came along that made it impossible to write the usual kind of Christmas copy It came to us on shoddy paper and in half illegible typing, so poor was the quality of the author's typewriter ribbon. This was a book not yet in type, a book in manuscript only, and one which we had not expected to receive until after the first of the year Its author is a newspaper correspondent named Harrison Forman who has been sweating the war out, as the Army puts it, in Chungking, China, and it was in a sense, a justification of all the frustrating months and years of stale news, official handouts, sweltering summer humidity and bone-chilling winter damp which are the lot of all correspondents in that distant capital. What the manuscript contained was the full and dramatic account of his visit to the "Communist" areas of China, the Border Region which is the least-known theatre of this global war, a book of major importance, full of dramatic news and first-hand experience which will be a real publishing scoop when it is published next February.

But as it happened, one of our editors was in Chungking himself last Christmas, and the very smell of the coarse Chinese paper, the whole look of the manuscript bespoke China to him so sharply that his mind has gone back to last Christmas and to the fact that for him, at least, Christmas is of all days the one on which war is the least tolerable . . . A year ago his Christmas day was America's Christmas Eve, and he and some of his friends in the Embassy had decided to have an evening together He had gone down the slithery, muddy streets of Chungking, flashlight in hand, toward the Chiu Ching Middle School, where the Embassy had a sort of common room for its members in the half-basement of one of the buildings The day had not been notably festive in spite of an earlier party Most of it had been devoted to preparing press releases on the huge RAF raid, made the night before over the city of Berlin, the one which you may remember left the city a perfect sea of fire and which must have killed thousands upon thousands of people. And Chungking is a city to remind anyone of what a raid of that sort means in terms of human pain and suffering.

The plan had been to have cocktails and food and tune the big Hallicrafter radio to some American or English station for an evening of Christmas carols. But when they came to getting America and Britain, even the Hallicrafter could not pull the trick that particular night. What came in instead, clear as a bell across five thousand dark and icy miles of Asian winter, was the station in Berlin. A superb chorus was singing; their voices were in the very room. And what they were singing was the old German carol – *Am Weinachtsbaum die Lichter brennen* – "On the Christmas tree, the candles are burning –"

The candles, and behind the candles the city, and behind the city a good part of the entire world . . . Without discussion, the radio was turned off. And there was no carol singing that night, not even after a good many more cocktails

And so, this Christmas, we only want to say that there must be no more Christmases on which we kill each other and are killed. There must be a decent earth for men of good will. Then Christmas everywhere, from Chungking to Berlin to New York, will come into its own...

HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

257 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Can America Develop A World Conscience?

SUMNER WELLES

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following article is a "preview" of a forthcoming volume, "An Intelligent American's Guide to the Peace," issued under the editorship of Sumner Welles. It appears herewith by special arrangement with the publishers, The Dryden Press. Publication date: January 5, 1945.*

THE people of the United States are passing, in these years of 1944 and 1945, through one of the most critical periods in their national history. The future security of the Nation, and the course of events throughout the world, will be determined by the policies which they themselves decide their Government shall adopt after our victory is won.

The basic question upon which they must pass is one which vitally affects every citizen in this land. It is the question whether the United States shall bear its full obligations as a member of the family of nations, or whether it shall, once the war is won, return to the policies which the American people followed during the years between the two Great Wars, and wholly refuse to assume its proper share of responsibility for preserving peace in the world, and for coöperating with other powers in such a way as to make sure that in the years to come peoples throughout the earth may advance together in social and economic progress under the guidance of an enlightened civilization.

I am convinced that the vast majority of the citizens of this country have made up their minds that the policies of isolation have resulted in disaster to our national interest. I believe that the American mothers and fathers have long since reached the conclusion that the only assurance they can possess that their sons will not again be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice to preserve the freedom of this nation lies in the ability of the United States to join with other peace-loving countries in averting the origins of war, rather than through waiting until a world-wide conflagration threatens our own shores. I am confident that the taxpayers of the United States now see more clearly than they did before that the burdens which may result from our participation in a World Organization capable of preventing aggression will be infinitesimal compared to the cost of our present expenditures for war purposes as a result of which standards of living will inevitably be lowered for years to come.

It is a lamentable fact that to the vast majority of the people of the United States the whole problem of foreign relations has been something infinitely remote. It has appeared to be something shrouded in mystery. It has been a matter which they have for generations been willing to relegate to a handful of men designated for that function by their Government. Fortunately today, more than at any other time in the past, there exists a keener realization on the part of the citizenry of this country of the basic truth that the great question of whether this country can in the future remain at peace, or must once more find itself involved in war, will be settled by the foreign policy which this Government now adopts.

But there is as yet far too little appreciation of the fact that the daily life of every individual within the United States will be correspondingly affected thereby.

There is not yet apparently any full grasp of the inescapable corollary that not only will the lives of the youth of America be saved or sacrificed as the result of the decisions which the people of this country now make, but also that the standard of living, the economic opportunity, and the happiness of every one of us will be shaped accordingly.

The underlying truth of all of this must be hammered home again and again if the people of the United States are to achieve real security in the future.

IT is imperative that the American people should be shaken out of the slumber of complacency in which they have indulged during the past generations, and in particular during the past three decades, and be awakened to the stark truth that in the world of today and in the world of tomorrow the American democracy as we have inherited it cannot continue to function unless the people of this country fully comprehend that what we so blandly call the "American way of life" will no longer be conceivable unless they demand that their Government pursue a foreign policy which will safeguard it. Democracy within the United States will became a fiction unless the people of this country learn to know the truth, and determine their course in its light.

Every people in their history come to crossroads—crossroads where one turning leads ultimately to disaster, and the other to national safety. In the 150 years of our national history the people of this nation have generally chosen wisely. In 1920, however, the decision which they made led inevitably to unparalleled danger for their country. Only the unflinching patriotism of the American people and the vast human and material resources which the nation had at its disposal saved us. We have learned, I think, that lesson. And the essence of that lesson is, that in the modern world geographical isolation is no longer possible. The overwhelming majority of the people of the United States have learned that there can be no security for this country, nor any safety for

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the liberties which they cherish, unless the United States plays its full part in some form of international organization which will keep peace in the world and which through international coöperation can make possible the gradual development of world stability.

Today the American people are once more at the crossroads. There was never before a greater need for full public understanding of the issues involved so that the choice before us may be wisely made.

There are at this time two outstanding objectives to be sought. The Government should make available to the people the fullest possible measure of information with regard to every aspect of the negotiations undertaken with foreign governments covering the peace settlements envisaged, and with regard to every feature of the discussions leading to the creation of an organized international society.

But the second objective is equally important. In order to be able fully to grasp the essential factors inherent in the information given to them by their Government, the citizens of this country must themselves personally study and discuss these grave problems and thereby be in a position to make a wisely reasoned choice when the time comes for their voice to be heard.

The people of the United States cannot afford to sit back and let these decisions be made for them. There is no family in this country which will not be directly affected by the decisions to be made. It is the obligation of every one of us, in our own self-interest, to think out for ourselves the issues with which our Government is concerned in the determination of its foreign policy. Only by so doing will we be in a position to detect the voice of the propagandists, speaking for the defeated Axis nations or because of their hate for one of our own Allies. (And we may be sure that the United States will be infested with these on an increasing scale during the months to come.) Only by so doing will we be in a position to reject as fatal to the true interests of this country the contentions still too frequently heard from the blind reactionaries who assert that recurrent wars are inevitable because they have always existed, that big fish eat little fish, and that consequently large nations will always destroy small nations. Only clear knowledge of the truth, a belief in the capacity of civilization to progress rather than to fall back, and an unwavering determination on the part of the people of this country to safeguard the nation, can counteract the effects of retrograde ignorance of this character.

Psychologists and many students of history will tell us that rivalry and antagonism are a part of the inherent

This Week

Reviews

PAGE

IT'S ALWAYS TOMORROW
By Robert St. John
Reviewed by Rulka Langer 6

THE U. S. AT WAR
U. S. Camera 1945
Reviewed by Eric Schaal 7

AMERICA AND THE AMERICANS
By Hubert Herring
Reviewed by Carleton Beals 7

THE MISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY
By Ortega y Gasset
Reviewed by Eric Russell Bentley 8

THAT VANISHING EDEN
By Thomas Barbour
Reviewed by Donald Culross Peattie 10

THE DREAM OF PHILIP II
By Edgar Maas
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly 11

CARL
By Alex Mélançon
Reviewed by Sara Henderson Hay 15

Departments

YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 5
STRICTLY PERSONAL
By Morrie Ryskind 9
LITERARY CRYPT: No. 79 11
EDITORIAL 12
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 13
TRADE WINDS
By Bennett Cerf 16
SEEING THINGS
By John Mason Brown 18
THE PHOENIX NEST
By William Rose Benét 20
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 561 23
DOUBLE-CROSTICS CLUB 23

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $5 a year; $6 in Canada and other countries; $4 for service men. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXVII, No. 52, December 23, 1944. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright, 1944, by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

nature of peoples, as they are of individuals. It may well be true that no power which the ingenuity of man can devise will eradicate the will to excel or to dominate on the part of members of the human race. So long as the spirit of nationalism prevails it cannot be denied that one country will always strive to outdo its neighbors.

But need we admit that this quality can find its outlet only in armed hostilities? Is the desire for peace on the part of men of good-will so feeble that they are willing to confess their inability to conceive of a world in which the determination of men to outstrip their fellows must inevitably lead to war? Is it not reasonable to assume, if peoples are willing to take as their premise that the greatest curse of the ages must be eradicated, that this quality of human nature can be canalized into new and constructive channels? Can we not fashion a world in which the peoples of the earth will keep the peace by force whenever law-breakers menace it, and confine man's innate determination to forge ahead beyond his companions to those fields of endeavor where benefits rather than destruction will result therefrom? Surely if the kind of new world which is envisaged is one in which men and women will gradually obtain freedom from fear and want as well as individual liberty, the rivalry between nations might well become a rivalry restricted to the social and economic realms.

In an address which Franklin Roosevelt delivered in 1926 at Milton Academy in Massachusetts, and which is today too little remembered, he said:

> Do not forget that Christ's greatest teaching was, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Certainly we are far from that goal. Yet we approach it little by little. This very future of complications, of change, will hasten our steps along the right path. The necessity of greater cooperation will put every individual into closer touch with every other. More and more we become interdependent. Communities merge into states, states into nations, nations into families of peoples.
>
> To take our part positively and not negatively is our underlying desire; to that end our educations aims, and to that end the processes of the moment will work.

To take our part positively, is today more than ever the opportunity and the obligation of the American people. For the great end to which our education now aims, and the high goal to which the processes of the moment are now working, is the chance we are afforded of proving that the increasing interdependence of nations themselves can be utilized to end war and to increase the well-being of human beings in all the lands.

The people of the United States have consequently in past years been too prone to underestimate the virtues of other peoples. They have failed to recognize their special problems and to appreciate their social and cultural achievements. They have been too ready to view "foreigners" with general antipathy and with inbred suspicion of their motives. It would be futile to refrain from admitting that even now when our armed forces overseas return to this country, the friction engendered in war time between the members of the American Armed Services and the peoples of many of the countries where they have been fighting will create a feeling of antagonism which cannot lightly be brushed aside. Finally, as an outgrowth of all of these causes, public opinion will still tend to minimize the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extent of the impact of other peoples upon the destinies of the peoples of the United States.

THE surest way to kill unfounded prejudice and suspicion between peoples is through knowledge on the part of each concerning the other. It has already become platitudinous to say that after the war the development of communications, and particularly the development of civil aviation, will bring every people of the world within forty-eight hours' distance of the people of the United States. The American people, whether they like it or not, will be next-door neighbors of every other member of the community of nations. For that reason alone, if for no other, it is the part of wisdom for us to learn what are the salient characteristics of other peoples and the chief problems with which they will be beset in the post-war years.

At the present moment there is every indication that the transcendent question of the determination of American foreign policy has been removed from the sphere of partisan politics. It would seem to be equally clear that the overwhelming majority of the people of this country have already determined that the United States should assume its full responsibility in some kind of world organization.

I believe that an effective international organization can be constituted only through the creation of regional systems of nations charged with the primary duty of maintaining peace and of developing by coöperative methods economic and cultural relations within their respective spheres, under an overall international body representative of all nations, great or small, and of all regions, and responsible for the maintenance of general world peace, as well as for general international progress.

Whether or not the United Nations ultimately determine upon the creation of an international organization of this character, I cannot overemphasize my conviction of the importance to every United States citizen of a far greater understanding on his part of the countries and peoples of the Western Hemisphere. It is in the New World that there lies the first line of security for the United States. Great strides have been made in recent years in achieving a greater measure of political and economic unity among the twenty-two nations of the Americas. But such unity can never pass the half-way mark unless the activities of governments, of colleges and schools, and commercial interests are supplemented by the persistent determination of the individual citizens of all of the American countries. And this will come about only if it is made possible through a far greater measure of knowledge of the peoples of the neighboring countries on the part of the citizens of each American nation than that which has hitherto obtained.

Sumner Welles

Equal in importance is a more accurate understanding on the part of the people of the United States of the peoples of the Soviet Union and of China, and a fairer estimate than that which has always hitherto existed of the qualities and problems of the peoples of Great Britain and of France. For in the years to come, immediately after the war is over, the success of any international organization, and consequently, the fate of the entire world, will depend upon the ability of the people of the United States to cooperate harmoniously with the peoples of these four other great powers.

The emphasis which I have laid upon these two important requirements is by no means intended to minimize the need for public opinion in the United States to obtain likewise fuller knowledge and understanding of the other nations and peoples of the world. For thereby is presented the surest way by which the people of the United States can truly become world conscious.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

In the following quotations, reports DeLancey Ferguson, of Brooklyn, various more or less eminent authors have tried to avoid calling a spade a spade. In each instance, the main idea could have been expressed in one word. What is the word? Eight correct answers is par, 10 is very good, more than that is excellent. Answers are on page 10.

1. . . . "When the Sun in bed,
   Curtained with cloudy red,
   Pillows his chin upon the Orient wave."—JOHN MILTON
2. . . . "Two faithful fountains;
   Two walking baths; two weeping motions;
   Portable and compendious oceans."—RICHARD CRASHAW
3. "He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
   Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky."—ALEXANDER POPE
4. . . . "I found myself
   As ladies wish to be who love their lords."—JOHN HOME
5. "Who foremost now delight to cleave
   With pliant arm thy glassy wave?"—THOMAS GRAY
6. "The stable yields a stercoraceous heap
   Impregnated with quick fermenting salts,
   And potent to resist the freezing blast."—WILLIAM COWPER
7. "O thou pale Orb that silent shines
   While care-untroubled mortals sleep!"—ROBERT BURNS
8. "The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast."—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
9. . . . "The resonant steam-eagles . . .
   Trailing on a thundrous vapour underneath the starry vigils."
   —ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
10. "The very source and fount of day
    Is flecked with wandering isles of night."—ALFRED TENNYSON
11. "Save for the abundant droop of his moustache, he spoke, as to cheek and chin, of the joy of the matutinal steel."—HENRY JAMES
12. "Day's dying dragon lies drooping his crest,
    Panting red pants into the West."—FRANCIS THOMPSON
13. "Safe to the Indies has the earth conveyed
    The vast and moon-eclipsing cone of night,
    Her towering foolscap of eternal shade."—A. E. HOUSMAN
14. . . . "The magic coffer stocked
    With convoluted runes,
    Wherein thy very voice was locked
    And linked to circling tunes."—RUDYARD KIPLING
15. . . . "Loyal Nature's urgent bent
    Whereby the world survives."—JOHN DAVIDSON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reporter in a Cauldron

IT'S ALWAYS TOMORROW. By Robert St. John. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 248 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RULKA LANGER

WHENEVER an American correspondent appears in European fiction, he is almost sure to be an earnest young man, disconcertingly honest and direct, a bit naive perhaps, but friendly and ever ready to fight the good fight for liberty and justice. This is hardly the way American newspapermen view themselves. In their own eyes they are a bunch of tough guys, hard-drinking, wise, impartial, disillusioned, and concerned with one thing, and one thing only: the story. Now, which one of these two pictures is true? Robert St. John in his latest book—a novel—supplies the answer. The hero of "It's Always Tomorrow" enters the war scene in 1939 as the typical hard-boiled reporter fresh from the tough city-editor's desk school. After three years he emerges a full-fledged, idealistic, if somewhat naive crusader of the classic European version. That is what war (and two women) can do to a young American correspondent. The story of this transformation is the theme of the book.

When young David Sadgwick of the Chicago *Globe* arrived in Warsaw in August 1939 he promptly set about to acquire a taste for vodka ("I didn't like the stuff but I wanted to get used to the native drink wherever I went"), and a Polish-speaking secretary. A stroke of luck brought him Yashna, not only "the best secretary in Poland" but a strangely attractive girl. With the help of Yashna, David settles down with trepidation to cover what to him is but a tremendous story—the invasion of Poland. He sees it in the light of headlines and by-lines. This attitude brings him the first rebuke from Yashna. ". . . Everything to you is what you call a story! You forget so soon the bodies in the street? . . . What it is, the story? I know, the story is to sell the paper. It is something to make you famous. . . . I think, sometimes, David, I hate you!" Later, when together they leave Warsaw, she finds herself apparently unable to bear the company of this attractive American so utterly callous to the plight of her country and gives him the slip.

Left alone on Luftwaffe infested roads, stranded among throngs whose language he does not understand, David witnesses scenes of such horror that he will never be able to forget them. When footsore and half-starved he reaches the Hungarian border he is no longer an impartial observer.

Robert St. John

But this is only the beginning. Next come France, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Greece. When at last David arrives in England he has to force himself to think of the war in terms of a story. To him it is reality, it is his war. But he is changed in other respects, too. His sense of justice has been outraged not by the Nazis alone. At the Hungarian border he has witnessed the arrival of a brand new ambulance car filled with perfectly fit Polish officers in shining boots. A few minutes later came a truck of dead and wounded soldiers. He had seen limousines loaded with furs and cases of champagne, never stopping to offer a ride to those who trudged on foot. In Yugoslavia he saw again that procession of limousines, and the royal cortege leaving in planes that also carried the country's gold. And he saw the faces of peasants who were left behind.

His resentment toward the upper crust is further deepened by his unfortunate contacts with the Savoy crowd in England. When he meets Polly, the bright-eyed waitress from Claridge's and is introduced by her to the world of music-halls and pubs where old charwomen play darts with soldiers, he is ready to embrace the cause of the "little people." He comes to the conclusion, startling to him but not altogether novel (see Karl Marx), that "little people" all over the world are pretty much alike, that they strive for the same things, and that if only they could be made to know each other there would be no wars. He evolves what seems to him a magnificent plan to bring the workers of England and America together, and . . . is promptly rebuked by his managing editor.

The book is unevenly written. The first half, in particular, is so crammed with scenes and events, the action moves so swiftly from one country to another that it reads more like a piece of expert reporting than a work of fiction. How, for instance, is the reader to sympathize with David's grief over the loss of a friend when he had barely caught a glimpse of the man himself? As a piece of reporting, however, it is vivid, highly personal, sometimes angry, often moving, and almost always accurate. To be sure the Red Army did not occupy Eastern Silesia in 1939. In fact, there is no such region as Eastern Silesia. What the author meant is Eastern Galicia. And the Polish Government did not flee to Budapest, it fled to Bucharest. These, however, are minor slips, and European names of localities are doubtlessly very confusing even to such experts as Mr. St. John.

Rulka Langer is a Polish novelist who has been in this country since 1940. Her book, "The Mermaid and the Messerschmitt," was published in 1942.

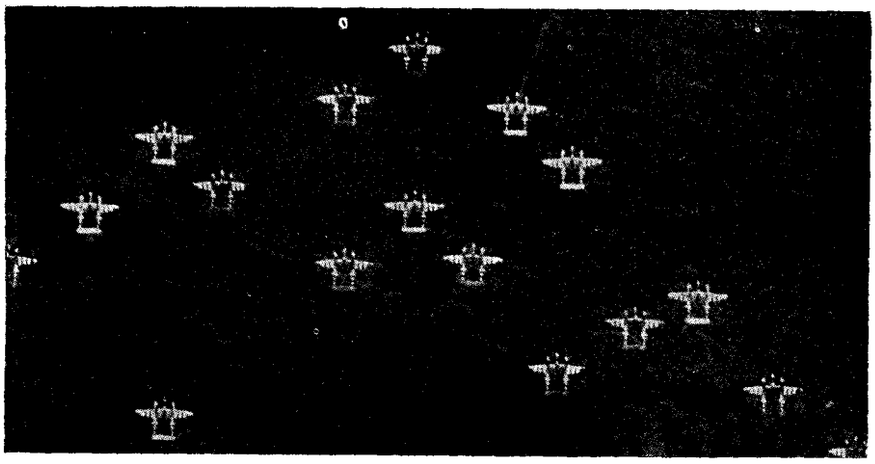
The Skeleton on the Shore

By Starr Nelson

AFTER the hurricane the rocky chasms churned
With sea-wrack, and boulders slithering with seaweed shifted
At a touch; but the skeleton the tidal wave had lifted
Upon the ledge drew us as though it burned,
A lode-star, and we two mariners adrift and yearning.
Its bones were as drained of marrow as a shell.
Wind, salt and sun had made them beautiful;
They were white as the dazzling breasts of the seagulls turning
And crying, crying along this barrier-reef.

What has come over? What have these bones to declare
To vessels whose freight more than the winding worm
Imperils? What hurricanes of blood against belief
They weathered once, or when or where that storm—
Better to ask the gulls, my darling, better to ask the air.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From the book.

P-38's Streak Toward France, D-Day.

The Face of War

THE U. S. AT WAR. U. S. Camera 1945. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 304 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ERIC SCHAAL

THIS is a "must" book. It is the most magnificent panorama of one year's fighting all over the world, from the ghostly desolation at Tarawa, the stinking jungle of New Guinea to the rubble in Italy and the invasion and liberation of France. It brings the war close to you, closer than anything else could short of actual participation. Here, in these 160 photographs, are the roar of the planes, the boom of the big guns, the stench, the silent fear and the matter-of-course courage of "men willing to die." You yourself become the third or fourth member in the assault troop, duck behind debris or hug the shallow cover, but at the same time you search coolly their faces and watch their emotions, observe with detachment what originally does not permit of restraint.

The names are familiar: Anzio—Eniwetok—Cassino, a hundred times read and reread in communiqués, descriptions, and letters, proud names and names full of despair. But each one, even in the best book and the most descriptive narrative remains still a name only and a half-obscure image until these photographs translate it for us into something actual, something alive and terrifically near. With the impartiality which is the foremost property of the camera the minutest detail is recorded. It can not fail but to point, by its very insignificance, with stronger emphasis to the great and the heroic. The very shortcomings in technical perfection of some of the pictures serve only to make them so much more unforgettable. By being blurred or out-of-focus, they carry a deeper conviction for just that: as a man, coming out of a harrowing experience, still shaking and half speechless, transmits by his appearance alone what his clumsy stammerings cannot ever convey.

A running commentary presents a concise history of the campaigns fought in this one year and serves to connect the photographs. Together they offer a memorable account of what our armed forces accomplished throughout the world. Only by seeing individual men in action, manning individual planes and ships, by watching them fight, at rest, being wounded, the abstraction of the greater view gives way to the personal experience. Thus "The U. S. at War" combines in an outstanding display both the drive and the meditation of action.

From the 1943 annual on, the first which showed the nation at war and which hardly contained any actual battle scenes but concentrated more or less on the local sights, with a preponderance of "pretty" pictures and photographs for their own sake, the change was inevitable: there are just one or two photos in this 1945 volume which were taken inside the United States. It is superfluous to name any single photographs out of the innumerable good and the many great ones. Their selection is extraordinary; the reproductions splendid.

$1,000 Foreign Service Book Contest

The John Day Company announces a prize contest for the best book—fiction or non-fiction—by a member or former member of the Foreign Service, or by the wife or husband of a member. The award is $1,000 and the contest closes May 31, 1946. For details address: Foreign Service Contest Editor, The John Day Company, 40 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

The New World In a Nut Shell

AMERICA AND THE AMERICAS. By Hubert Herring. Claremont, California: Claremont Colleges. 1944. 84 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

AT best most printed lectures are skimpy warmed over tidbits, too impregnated with the cold grease of past scholarship. However in this particular black-tie presentation, Mr. Herring has been unable wholly to down his natural talent for vivid phraseology, and since he himself is an authority with striking claims to integrity, even in this brief space he succeeds in giving us broad historical perspective, in providing us with many new facts, and even finds room for quite a few constructive suggestions. Thus his simplification is valuable as a refreshing review of Western Hemisphere relations and as a good introduction for persons just starting to swim in those waters.

It is not Mr. Herring's fault, so fast is the international political set-up shifting these days, that even before these lectures could be gotten into print very serious disintegration in the good-neighbor policy had taken place. It is, in fact, worse than disintegration. One by one the postulates laid down in various Pan-American conferences, all so painstakingly argued and established by the representatives of supposedly free nations, have been shoveled into the roaring furnace of power politics and opportunism. Joint administration of severed European possessions was ignored in favor of British administration of the Dutch possessions, something that even nicks a little chip of the Monroe Doctrine itself. Joint consultation has given way to unilateral coercion. Nonmeddling has been replaced by meddling. Joint participation in the war effort was arranged by continental conference, but we do not permit the Latin American voice to be heard in shaping the world in which those countries are to live. A whole system of international relationships that might well have provided a model for the larger world effort has been all but destroyed.

In addition, now that we no longer need them so much, economic coöperation is being rapidly curtailed, the Coordinator's Office is to be abandoned, and we are showing ourselves increasingly callous toward the economic difficulties created for them, largely by us, because of their coöperation in the war effort. These difficulties are so

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serious that they have already resulted even in war time in two revolutions in Guatemala, two in Salvador, one in Bolivia, one in Ecuador, three in Argentina, and unsuccessful attempts in Nicaragua, Honduras, Columbia, Paraguay, and elsewhere, and which threaten when the war ends to throw the southern continent into turmoil and wars.

The Claremont lectures "seek a successful foreign policy in a democracy." But even such admirable presentations as the present one will fall into the pit unless the news blackout is lifted. At present even non-military information is censored or suppressed or wilfully sweetened up. Bonafide information is largely a bureaucratic monopoly. Good books are mangled before they go across the counter. We must love Latin Americans but we aren't allowed to know much of the truth about them. The only way to avoid Medici politics is through freedom of news and opinion.

Universities and the "Whole" Man

THE MISSION OF THE UNIVERSITY. By Ortega y Gasset. Translated with an introduction by H. L. Nostrand. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1944. 103 *pp.* $2.

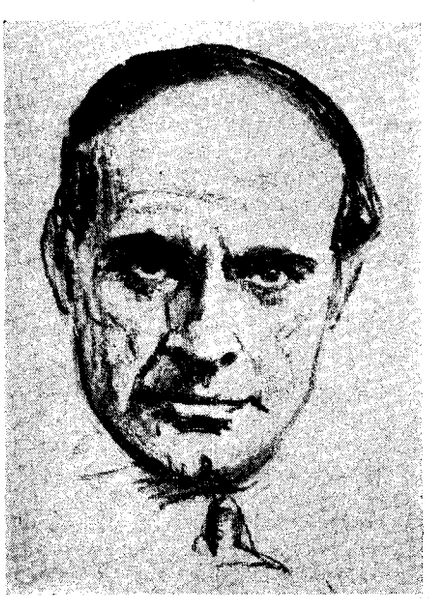
Reviewed by ERIC RUSSELL BENTLEY

LIKE "The Revolt of the Masses," "The Mission of the University" was written in 1930. Why has this fifteen-year-old bundle of lecture notes been unearthed? Presumably because Ortega's mood and method, which fell foul of liberal opinion in America ten years ago, are considered to be in tune with the anti-progressivist mood and method of educators—and others—today. Ortega's seventy disjointed pages might be regarded as a pendant to Mr. H. L. Nostrand's well-knit thirty-page preface or, apparently, as a preface to a big work of Mr. Nostrand's which will appear next year.

Mr. Nostrand's essay may well be the best apology for Ortega that has been written. But for all its scholarly mildness it does not convince, for Mr. Nostrand is an educational panaceist. He thinks that much, if not everything, can be done for the contemporary world by reading Ortega and attending a Synthesis Seminar. He believes that "if we could solve the problem of general education, we could confidently strike any third world war off the calendar." Alas!

For those who see in history brute forces and sinister interests which no amount of enlightenment will of itself remove, Ortega y Gasset (not to mention Mr. Nostrand) is an impossible political and social philosopher, and the present book reveals his very few, and very simple, ideas in all their shivering nakedness. The basic idea in Ortega's equipment is this: "The convulsive situation in Europe at the present moment is due to the fact that the average Englishman, the average Frenchman, the average German are *uncultured.*" As if it were lack of culture and not its cause that we should attack! As if lack of culture actually were cause and not symptom! Ortega's social analysis stops short with the belief that "with the triumph of democracy, the state has given up governing the life of the people to be governed instead by their opinion." So much for majority rule. To Ortega, who is represented as a "true democrat" which means, one must assume, anything but a democrat, the press is the dictator which our pretense of democracy conceals. He should study the 1936 presidential election.

Ortega's entirely justified dissatisfaction with the ordinary man grows into something entirely unjustified when he comes, as nearly all such thinkers do, to stake everything upon the extraordinary man and when, looking for him today in vain, he assumes his existence in some past era, which is thereby sentimentalized. "Europe," he pronounces, "cannot be saved without a return to intellectual dicipline." A return to which period in history? Ortega hedges violently, protesting absurdly that: "Never perhaps has the ordinary man been so far below his times" as today. A man whose philosophy has so shaky a foundation as this is surely not to be taken very seriously.



Ortega y Gasset

Except perhaps for his observations within some more restricted field. If we take Ortega literally when he concedes: "I may be nothing more than a journalist myself," we shall find in his book some good observations about university life. If Ortega's highbrow-European melancholy is no helpful criticism of twentieth century anarchy, at least his fastidiousness and his love of tradition assist him to a sensible critique of culture. Ortega's thesis is that of the three children of higher education—research, vocational training, and culture—culture is Cinderella. From this sound but not astonishing premise Ortega proceeds to his own thoughts on education. The university should turn out whole men. On one page he insists that "we must" make "every individual or (not to be Utopian) many individuals" into whole men; on the next comes the surprising admission: "It is so thoroughly impossible for the ordinary student to master what the university tries to teach. . . ." This contradiction between intention and possibility is, characteristically, left in the air, and again we have to turn for profit to disconnected remarks. There is an admirable passage about the place of science in liberal education: Ortega is in favor of science itself—how could he be otherwise?—but is quick to point out that reporting the data of a given science, which is all that happens in most elementary courses, is not scientific activity. And what could be more judicious than this hint to department heads: "The selection of professors will depend not on their rank as investigators but on their talent for synthesis and their gift for teaching."

Of course none of this is original. Books on education are treasuries of amiable platitude, and Ortega's booklet—where it is not actually erroneous—is no exception. On the other hand there are a few things in the book which would probably not have been written by our own neo-medievalists. Here is one: "The school, when it is truly a functional organ of the nation, depends far more on the atmosphere of the national culture in which it is immersed than it does on the pedagogical atmosphere created artificially within it." Another is Ortega's fine emphasis on the contemporaneity of culture: "There is always a system of live ideas which represents the superior level of an age . . . and this system is the culture of the age." We may not share this unsystematic thinker's emphasis on system; but we share his respect for live ideas; and we think it a pity that he is often enthralled by dead ones.

Eric Russell Bentley is the author of the recently published "A Century of Hero Worship."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strictly Personal

A REPLY TO ELMER RICE ABOUT THE M.P.A.P.A.I.

I JUST came across Elmer Rice's poison-pen note about the Motion Picture Alliance in the *SRL* for November 11, and I think Elmer ought to have his mouth washed with soap. Scribbling all those dirty, four-syllabled words about men who don't happen to belong to his church!

The technique of character-assassination instead of arguments is, of course, standard totalitarian semantics. The boys who wrote the Protocols of Zion used it with some degree of success, as did Julius Streicher; and it is the one undeviating line in the otherwise zigzag course of the American Communists. Somehow, though, I didn't expect it from Elmer Rice. Well, it just goes to show you. You never can tell.

Now I joined the M.P.A., and I concede that the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals is a pretty grandiose title. But I didn't join it for the title. I joined it for the same reason that in 1939 I joined the Committee for Cultural Freedom (not an ungrandiose title, either). That Committee was formed, to quote its opening statement, "to combat the rising tide of totalitarianism enthroned in Germany, Italy, Russia, Japan, and Spain . . . Through subsidized propaganda, through energetic agents, through political pressure, the totalitarian states succeed in infecting other countries with their false doctrines, in intimidating independent artists and scholars, and in spreading panic among the intellectuals . . . Already many are yielding to panic . . . Instead of resisting, they glorify, under deceptive names and slogans, the color or the cut of one straitjacket rather than another."

That seemed a good reason to me, and it seemed like a good reason to a distinguished list of folk who made up the Committee: Sherwood Anderson, Cyrus Leroy Baldridge, Henry S. Canby, John Chamberlain, Edna Ferber, John Haynes Holmes, Morris Ernst, Inez Haynes Irwin, David S. Mussey, Elmer Davis, Suzanne LaFollette, John Dos Passos, Sinclair Lewis—look out, Elmer! Remember what happened to DeVoto—Benjamin Stolberg, Carlo Tresca, Norman Thomas, Dorothy Thompson, Oswald Garrison Villard, Louis Waldman, and Helen Woodward, to give just a few names. But the integrity and the calibre of the members didn't stop the Committee from being represented in the Communist trade-organs as red-baiting, pro-fascist, anti-labor, and anti-Semitic. Elmer has added just one new twist in his thesis on the M.P.A.: the charge of Jim Crowism. Now that's a honey, and I'll bet *The Nation, The New Republic, The New Masses, The Daily Worker,* and *The People's World* are kicking themselves all over the lot for not having thought of it first. *Auch noch,* Jim Crowism!

Well, whether the movies are an art or not (and if I read Elmer right, he doesn't think so), they certainly could be a hell of an effective medium of propaganda if they got into the control of any totalitarian group. Even Elmer will concede that. Well, the local totalitarians are trying to take over in Hollywood just as they tried in every other important guild and trade-union

in America. That's why the M.P.A. was formed. It's as simple as that. No Hitler gold, no Franco coin, no Jap geisha girls—unless, of course, some of the inner circle boys are holding out on me.

Let's take up Elmer's "charges." First, anti-Semitism. Now, really, at my age and with my background (my grandfather was six-foot-two, and he had a beard that was six-foot even, which probably topped Elmer's grandfather's beard by at least a yard), I would be a sucker to go around joining anti-Semitic organizations. In the first place, my mother wouldn't have liked it. In the second place, when I go to Alliance meetings, I find there other Jewish fellows who, like me, became *bar mitzvah* at thirteen; and while we long ago stopped donning phylacteries, none of us spends his spare time looking up anti-Semitic organizations to join. We are definitely not the type.

As for the *goyim* in the Alliance, they work with, dine with, drink with, golf with, bowl with, and play bridge with Jews; at least three of them have had the *chutzpah* to marry Jewish girls. This last might have been to get even with some of the Jewish boys who have married *shicksas,* though to me the whole thing seems to have been conceived in a spirit of good, clean sex. You may not like this sort of thing, but I don't see how you can call it anti-Semitism. Maybe Elmer has another definition of anti-Semitism that would fit the case. I remember the Communist sheets accusing Dave Dubinsky of anti-Semitism when he left the American Labor Party because of its Communist control.

ALL right, let's take another charge, isolationism. That means me. As far as I know, I'm the only member of the M.P.A. against whom that charge could be applied. I was a Vice-President of Norman Thomas's "Keep America Out of War Congress"—what a joiner I turned out to be!—together with a couple of other fascists like John Haynes Holmes and Oswald Garrison Villard. Most of my fellow M.P.A. members were on the other side of that battle, in spite of the fact that President Roosevelt was promising something "again and again and again." With Dec. 7, 1941, that argument ended. Or did it? (The most rabid attackers of the M.P.A. in Hollywood assert the argument ended on June 22, 1941. How does Elmer stand on that one?) But you wouldn't condemn a whole organization just because of me, would you, Elmer? Or would you?

Anti-unionism? Well, now, let's see: Here's a partial list of the labor members of the Alliance:

Ralph Clare, Sec.-Treas., Local 399, Studio Drivers.
B. C. Duval, Bus. Rep. I.A.T.S.E., Local 44, Property Men.
Edwin T. Hill, Sec.-Treas., I.A.T.S.E., Local 44, Prop. Men.
Ben A. Martinez, Sec.-Bus. Rep., Local 755, Studio Plasterers.
Guy Rushing, Sec.-Treas., I.A.T.S.E., Local 728, Lamp Operators.
L. C. Helm, Bus. Rep., Local 724, Studio Utility Workers.
Walter A. Redmond, Int. Vice-Pres., Operating Plasterers and Cement Finishers.
Homer L. Woxburg, Int. Rep. of Teamsters.
Joseph P. Tuohy, Pres.-Bus. Rep., Studio Drivers, Local 399.
Albert M. Erickson, Bus. Rep., I.A.T.S.E., Local 727, Laborers.
W. C. Barrett, Bus. Rep., I.A.T.S.E., Local 80, Grips.
Carl G. Cooper, International Vice-Pres., I.A.T.S.E.
W. C. Rohrbach, Fin. Sec., Local 724, Studio Utility Workers.
Einer C. Mohn, Int. Rep., Int. Bro. Teamsters.
Frank Carothers, Sec. Motion Picture Internationals' Committee.

I want to be there the day Elmer gets up and calls the M.P.A. anti-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

labor in the presence of any of those guys! In fact, if the *SRL* can arrange for the meeting, I'll be glad to cover it at less than your usual rates.

Oh, yes, Walt Disney's a member, too. And some of our labor boys fought Walt hard and bitterly in the strike at his studio. But they got around the table finally—which I like to think in my own naive, isolationist, anti-Semitic, Jim Crow fashion, is the ideal American solution—and ironed things out. The Commies were so sore at the fact that an agreement had been reached that they tried to upset the apple-cart. That's one of the reasons, by the way, that both Walt Disney and the honest labor men who struck against him are now in the M.P.A. together, fighting the American Sovieteers.

I am reminded of the time back in New York when LaGuardia appointed Morris Ernst as mediator for the taxicab strike. Now if you know Morris—and Elmer must have run across him sometime or other—that was sort of a packed jury. Yet I've never seen Mr. Ernst so fighting mad as the day he came out of a conference where he had awarded the cab-drivers everything they had asked for. "It's those god-damned Communists," he roared at me when I asked him what was up. "They don't want a settlement. They want the riots to continue." Mr. Ernst also used some other words that they tell me Cordell Hull uses in time of stress, but this magazine has to go through the mails.

Somebody ought to tell Elmer these things. Somebody ought to tell him what went on in the Lawyer's Guild (Ernst and Ferdinand Pecora would be good bets) and the Newspaper Guild and the Teachers' Union. John Dos Passos could give him some dope on the American Writers' Congress. The next time he has a show in Washington, he might stop in and see Congressman Jerry Voorhis (Dem., Calif.) and get the lowdown on the Commie technique of infiltrating into honest labor unions. In New York, he might ask David Dubinsky about what happened to the American Labor Party. And if he's ever in California, he might consult Barney Mayes, Research Director of the California State Federation of Labor about Communist power in California, with particular respect to the motion picture industry. And then Elmer might very meekly and humbly go over to the M.P.A. and apply for membership.

But he'll have to wash his mouth with soap first.

MORRIE RYSKIND.

A REPLY TO MORRIE RYSKIND

WHAT Mr. Ryskind's farrago of tasteless wisecracks and tiresome irrelevancies boils down to is (a) the claim that I am a Communist and (b) the claim that the Motion Picture Alliance is protecting the film industry from Communist infiltration.

To dispose first of the less important of these misrepresentations, I state, unequivocally, that I am not and never have been a Communist; and that I have repeatedly opposed the activities of the American Communists, as well as certain aspects of Soviet policy (for which I have been soundly berated in the Communist press).

Secondly, it seems to me incredible that anyone can take seriously the charge that American motion-pictures show even the slightest trace of Communist influence. But, for the record, I should like to point out:

1. That the M. P. A. refused an invitation to attend a mass-meeting, called by seventeen of the film industry's guilds and unions, for the purpose of discussing the charges made by it; and that it has consistently ignored the demands of the Screen Writers' Guild, of Virginia Wright, motion-picture editor of the Los Angeles *Daily News*, and of other interested liberals, that it give specific instances of alleged Communist influence.

2. That some of the leading spirits of the M. P. A. were closely identified with the Screen Playwrights, a company union set up by the studios, to combat collective bargaining with the Screen Writers' Guild (an affiliate of the Authors' League of America). When shop-elections were finally ordered, by the Labor Relations Board, the Guild won an overwhelming victory; but the disgruntled remnant continues to sabotage organized labor.

3. That the propaganda activities of the M. P. A. have been conducted largely in the reactionary press and among organizations associated with the isolationist and "shirt" movements: in short, pro-fascist groups.

4. That the M. P. A. leaders, are, in the main, men and women who, however guarded they may be in their public utterances, are known in the Hollywood community to be anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-alien, and anti-labor: in short, fascists. (Mr. Ryskind seems unaware that there are anti-Semitic Jews, anti-labor union leaders and writers who are traitors to the literary craft.)

Though Mr. Ryskind addresses me with jovial familiarity, I have never made his acquaintance, and so I know nothing about his grandfather's beard. But I do know that behind the false whiskers of the Motion Picture Alliance there lurks the ugly and sinister visage of intolerance and reaction.

ELMER RICE.

Florida Special

THAT VANISHING EDEN. By Thomas Barbour. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1944. 250 pp. $3.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

TO all who have loved Florida wild life and its fascinating vegetation (and I am one Californian who is enthusiastic about Florida) this book by a distinguished Harvard zoölogist will have the plaintive fall of an elegy. For Mr. Barbour goes all the way back to his boyhood recollections of a Florida that was. He tells of a time when bulldozers had not yet smashed through the beautiful hammocks or tropical groves, when the marvelous springs were still unpolluted, when the Everglades, or marshy prairies, had not been first drained of fresh water, then burned to the coral bones, then invaded by a fatal seepage of sea water. As he says, large tracts of Florida, up until thirty years ago, were still virgin wilderness, the last great wilderness area in the Eastern United States. But a whirlwind of destruction descended, within the vivid memory of the living. Now the land of the Fountain of Youth has, in too many places, been turned into a honky-tonk.

Yet still there are the marvellous shells of Sanibel Island, the roseate spoonbills of the west coast islands, the royal palms and the perching orchids of Paradise Key, and the great white spider lilies on the glades.

True, the development of the great truck gardens and tropical fruit orchards has been inevitable, and they constitute their own compensation and justification. But there is little excuse for the ill-judged drainage, deforestation, and uglification.

Mr. Barbour writes as a naturalist, for naturalists; he assumes that you appreciate the importance of saving a rare sub-species of deer; that you will share with him his thrill when he actually sees dinosaur bones lying at the bottom of a pool. That you will understand how he loved, when a boy, to hear the alligators bellowing in the springtime in the marshes of the St. Johns River. I for one shared each page of his experiences with warm interest and there should be many others—"Floridians" and winter visitors to the peninsula, as well as naturalists—to enjoy this easy and delightful record of Mr. Barbour's Florida, past and present.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Sunrise. 2. Eyes. 3. Gunshot. 4. Pregnant. 5. Swim. 6. Manure 7. Moon. 8. Robin. 9. Locomotives. 10. Sunspots. 11. Shave. 12. Sunset. 13. Shadow. 14 Gramaphone. 15. Sex.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Not a Satisfactory Hero

THE DREAM OF PHILIP II. By Edgar Maas. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1944. 310 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

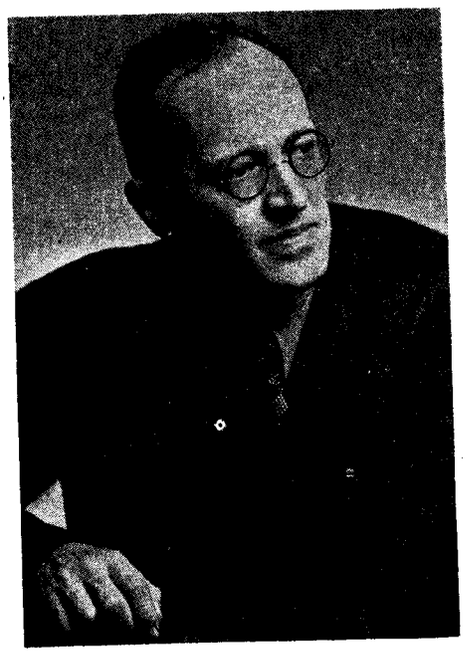
EL GRECO once painted Philip II of Spain kneeling in a haunted landscape beside a fiery medieval hell, his gaze riveted on the swirling vision of a medieval heaven. El Greco's symbol of unworldly royalty has given a title to this book and an attractive frontispiece, but not a unifying theme.

Philip II was not much of a dreamer, and if his eye was fixed unswervingly on anything it was not on Heaven. In his private life, it is true, he was a devout Catholic, scrupulously faithful to the dogmas and ritual of the Church, and in his public policy he was steadfast against infidel and heretic in his own realms, and, when occasion served, in others, but there is no record that the Prudent King—as his Spanish subjects half admiringly called him—ever embarked on a crusade for anybody's profit but his own.

Dr. Maas knows very well that Philip II was no saint and no visionary. He is content to try to interpret him against the background of his time, and to make him out, as perhaps a biographer ought to do, a sympathetic and interesting person. To this end the techniques of fiction are called in, and some of the resources of legend, but it's uphill work, and the most entertaining pages of this biography are often those in which its hero figures least. For Philip II is not a satisfactory hero, nor, though he was the author of great crimes, was he a really great criminal. When it is said that he was mildly fond of roses, church music, and baroque painting, and once wrote several quite humanly affectionate letters to his little daughters, all has been said of him that anyone today is likely to find attractive. And though Philip was probably responsible for more human misery than any other man of his century, he was more stupid than wicked. His only obvious sins were sloth and gluttony. His one great sin was lack of imagination. A cold, sluggish man, he avoided all personal excitement, and found his chief contact with the stirring events of his time in the piles of documents through which he loved to shuffle endlessly, correcting the grammar of his clerks. At the center of a fascinating age he is, on close inspection, a dull, colorless, commonplace character. It is only from a distance that he seems monstrous and terrifying.

Monsters, however, are out of fashion, and Dr. Maas, viewing Philip from a distance, appraises him in the terms of his apologists. Philip, he thinks, was not merely a prudent king, but something like a great one. One would be more tempted to agree, if one felt more confidence in the facts on which the appraisal is based. But it is a little startling to encounter an encomium of Philip as a financier in the appraisal, and a glowing picture of Spain as prosperous, and the monarchy as solvent, in 1598. Philip, Dr. Maas asserts, reduced the debts left him by his father from five million ducats to a million, a mere fraction of his annual revenue. The fact is that Philip's debts were somewhere between eighty and a hundred million, and that half his annual revenues hardly sufficed to meet the interest charges. Consultation of a few precise and temperate pages in the great fourth volume of R. B. Merriam's "Spanish Empire," the standard authority on the reign of Philip II since its appearance a decade ago, would have corrected any tendency to laud Philip's financial genius. There could not be weaker grounds for a favorable opinion of his statesmanship. And to try to form any opinion about Philip without reckoning with Merriam's "Spanish Empire" suggests a dangerous innocence of all modern scholarship.

It is not, however, when he disagrees with modern scholarship that Dr. Maas makes me most uneasy, but when he agrees. Before "liberal" became a term of reproach, liberal historians described Philip II as an enemy of mankind, a burner of books, a torturer of the innocent, a murderer of freedom. And that, in fact, is what he was. But Dr. Maas refuses to condemn him. Really, he says, Philip had no choice. He was a product of his time and place. The illusion that men can choose between ideologies, economies, forms of the state, is only a vulgar error. Modern historians, almost without exception, would agree with Dr. Maas's gentle ridicule of such naivete. Perhaps that is what is wrong with the modern science of history. For if choice is an illusion, we can learn nothing but resignation from the past, and the study of history has no more human pertinence than the study of descriptive botany. Philip II was a ruthless reactionary tyrant, the spiritual ancestor of the Nazis and the Falange. Wherever, today, men struggling in arms for freedom are shot down in the name of law and order, his ghost nods approval. From such a man, if he were alive, men of good will like Dr. Maas would recoil with loathing. But historians like Dr. Maas will justify such a man, once dead, in the name of objectivity and the scientific approach. In so doing they seek to divorce us from what alone gives meaning to our effort and sacrifice, from our instinctive sense that the past has significance for the present and the present has significance for the future. Until we are prepared to give up the long struggle for human freedom, until we agree that moral choice is an illusion, one page of an outmoded "liberal" historian, one page of Motley's forthright anger and contempt, will tell us more than we need to know about Philip II than a hundred volumes of scholarly apology. And in so doing it may tell us more of the truth of history as well.



Edgar Maas

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 79

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle.

IF YOU ARE STUCK: *The clue below the cryptogram will give you the definition of one word. Answer to No. 79 will be found in the next issue.*

RSBCCBOHG RSDFPBNKDJ RSBVF RSDJSGNSFGW JD RSHGBMWBKQ RSHOA RSNPDF.

—RSDKPBK JDWKNGLF

CLUE: No cue.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 78

QUERYING EACH CHAPTER. FRASER URGED: QUIT CLUES. YOUNG YIPS NIX. PUZZLED. PRITHEE SIPHON THY VIEW VIA POST.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
Norman Cousins, *Editor*

Henry Seidel Canby
Amy Loveman
John Mason Brown
Associate Editors

William Rose Benét
Bennett Cerf
Contributing Editors

Harrison Smith
President

Published by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

Copyright, 1944, by The Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

DOWN WITH POETS!

THIS is about Archibald MacLeish and his appearance last week before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which questioned his nomination to the position of public and cultural relations officer of the State Department.

We are not writing here to defend Mr. MacLeish, who is obviously capable of defending himself; he is not tongue-tied and does not fluster easily, even in the presence of such fast company as the distinguished investigating committee from Capitol Hill. Our purpose here is to marvel out loud at the distinction made by some of the committee between Mr. MacLeish and the other five nominees for the State Department posts. In dealing with the other nominees, the Senators recognized the usual species of human life; but in dealing with Mr. MacLeish, they saw something absolutely sub-human, a curious creature outwardly resembling a human being but actually bearing no more relationship to real people than a chameleon to the tree he is hiding behind. You guessed it. Mr. MacLeish is a poet!

And what is a poet? A poet, obviously, is a strange bird having nothing better to do with his time than to dawdle over fancy words, conjuring up obscure lines beyond the understanding or comprehension of sane folk; staying away from law-abiding neighbors and from barber shops; and putting on a pose of artistic and oppressed genius as a dodge to escape honest toil. All this, of course, doesn't even begin to take into account a wicked personal life utterly devoid of responsibility and morality. Yet this is what our great nation is asked to accept in a branch of the government representing the epitome of American tradition!

How, then, can the Senators be blamed if they found it difficult to restrain their probing curiosity when actually confronted by a live and wriggling poet? True, this particular poet had also been a soldier and a lawyer, but even the best of people have a way of coming apart at the seams, suddenly. Just one of those things. Nor should the Senators be blamed if they found it difficult to conceal their scorn for the specimen, or to keep their snickers reasonably quiet. What if one of the Committee members did yield to what must have been a life-long desire to find out just what in the devil a poet was driving at, anyway? How often does anyone get a chance to poke at a poet and make him squirm until he is forced to confess what his poetry means? Finally, how can the Committee as a whole be blamed for taking the gravest deliberation and the utmost caution to avoid throwing open the gates of the State Department to tricky and unstable exponents of the literary life?

Certainly there is little in the way of precedent to indicate that a man who writes poetry might also be valuable in public office. There is the case of the poet Solon, who happened to be the father of democracy in ancient Greece, both in a constitutional and administrative sense; but Solon was small potatoes compared to a politician and realist like Alcibiades, who could tear down more democracy in one year than poets like Solon could build up over a century. As for the prominence and wide respect accorded the poets in early Rome, look where Rome is now! That Gibbon really missed a bet. Rome started to decline and fall as soon as long-haired Horace began to get close to Augustus Cæsar.

And what if Jefferson did write a verse or two? It was probably nothing more than a couple of good old-fashioned limericks, which are not to be confused with ordinary poetry, as limericks have real meaning and you can get a big kick out of them; that is, if they're any good. And please don't mention Thomas Paine—just a Bohemian atheistic foreigner, the perfect combination of the type we have got to keep out of America if we want to keep this country pure. Whittier and Whitman? All you have to do is to look at their beards, especially that matted straw of Whitman's, to know there was something pretty queer going on inside. Lincoln's Gettysburg Address as a prose-poem? How can it be a poem if it doesn't rhyme and if the lines don't stagger all over the place like a kid playing dominoes? Oliver Wendell Holmes? Well, we never could figure him out anyway. It's bad enough when you can't understand the poetry, but when you can't even understand a title . . . now, you take this here title about the "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table" . . . just what does it mean? I've heard of Automats where you can get breakfast by sticking some nickels in a slot, but this Autocrat breakfast business beats me.

What it all comes down to is this: Why can't those fellows who call themselves poets keep out of politics and stick to their own knitting? You don't see Congressmen trying to crowd the poets, do you? Let them stay in Greenwich Village and we'll stay in Washington and everybody will be happy. And here's some more free advice to poets: Write so folks will know what you're talking about. Other people have to take the time and trouble to make themselves easily understood. So far as Congressmen are concerned, it's part of their job.

That's why no one ever finds a single solitary sentence open to doubt, question, or misunderstanding in the cool, chiseled prose of the Congressional Record.

N. C.

When a Man Hath No Freedom to Fight For at Home

By George Gordon, Lord Byron
[1788-1824]

Written not long before Lord Byron joined an impending revolution in Italy to fight for liberty as he fought later in Greece.

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight for at home,
Let him combat for that of his neighbors;
Let him think of the glories of Greece and of Rome,
And get knocked on the head for his labors.

To do good to Mankind is the chivalrous plan,
And is always as nobly requited;
Then battle for Freedom wherever you can,
And, if not shot or hanged, you'll get knighted.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Beard's "Basic History"

The writer of the following letter was formerly head of The Home Library, original publishers of "The Basic History of the United States."

SIR: The storm brewed in your pages following Dixon Wecter's review of Charles and Mary Beard's "Basic History of the United States" provides a disturbing display of presumption, witch-hunting, and plain misinformation. You are, of course, to be congratulated for the lively interest which your Letters to the Editor section has given to the *SRL*, but in your attempts to stimulate such interest have you no responsibility for at least easily ascertainable truth? And may it not be unwise to let your zeal for the promotion of this department affect your editorial columns?

As the original editor in charge of the publication of "The Basic History," I would like to list the simple publishing facts in order to rectify the errors of Messrs. Canby, Fuller, and Calkins. The asinine and vituperative letter from Lewis Mumford breeds its own ridicule.

In conjunction with the publication of the first forty titles of The New Home Library in September, 1942, sample copies and information about the new series were sent to a number of authors, educators, librarians, etc. On the list was Charles Beard who wrote back expressing much interest in the project and inquiring why no American history had been included in a series which purported to offer books on subjects of demonstrably wide public interest. In the ensuing correspondence, a plan for the writing of "The Basic History" was worked out. The contract between the Garden City Publishing Company and Charles and Mary Beard was signed December 7, 1942.

It had been hoped originally to issue the book in the early spring of 1944. Production problems made that impossible. It was therefore postponed until the earliest possible fall date. This date, because of the time needed for the salesmen to cover all their accounts after the summer sales conference, was set for August 1, 1944. "The Basic History of the United States" in its 69c edition was first published by The Blakiston Company of Philadelphia, since the publishing rights were sold by Garden City Publishing Company to Blakiston prior to August 1, 1944.

After the book had been set in galleys, it was submitted to the Book-of-the-Month Club for possible choice as a dual selection. At that time the management of the Club included the "Basic History" in a poll of available book dividends. The judges of the Club did not choose the book as a dual selection. Results of the poll, however, showed an extraordinarily high demand from the members for the book as a dividend. As a result, a contract between the Garden City Publishing Company and the Book-of-the-Month Club was drawn on May 8, 1944. Simultaneously, conversations were begun with Doubleday, Doran concerning a possible reversal of ordinary publishing procedures. As a result, a contract for a *reprint* edition at a *higher* price was drawn on May 10, 1944.

The original edition of the "Basic History" was published on August 1, 1944 at 69c. It is a big book and, with all the economies available in a series like The New Home Library, the cost of that edition was at the outside limit. For the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Doubleday, Doran editions, a higher cost was possible. This enabled us to add to the original book considerable material which we felt to be desirable in such a work. One hundred and eighteen photographs, chiefly of paintings, drawings, murals, etc. were arranged for. A section of forty-six pages of documentary material were added. The resulting $3.50 book will stand favorable comparison with any $3.50 book published in 1944.

The various statements implying that the "Basic History" was published as a campaign document are either wishful thinking or merely stupid. The original date was selected for the reasons outlined above. The book became the September-October dividend of the Book-of-the-Month Club because the additional material could not be prepared more quickly. The November 3rd date for the Doubleday, Doran edition was chosen as the most suitable in terms of their own fall schedule. That date was chosen, in fact, only after considerable discussion about a preferable early 1945 date since their 1944 schedules and commitments had already been largely completed when the contract was drawn.

The "Basic History of the United States" has never been used in whole or in part by *Life* magazine. It was never barred even temporarily by our armed forces. The reviews from the public press certainly do not substantiate Mr. Fuller's loose statement that the "Basic History" is "widely conceded to be shot through with bias." The relatively few public charges of bias have tended to be like those of Mr. Canby in his *SRL* editorial of November 11th where he said: "Nine-tenths of this book, perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of this book seem to us excellent." It would seem to me that such general agreement might call in question the probability of bias on the part of some of its critics.

The word *Basic* in the title was not chosen, as Mr. Fuller implies, for its advertising potency or as demagogy. Either he failed to read the Prefatory Note at the beginning of the book or he has chosen to overlook it. In that Note the authors explain why this history is, in their opinions, *basic*.

For one final remark: I am happy to state that the combined sale of the various editions of the book has already far surpassed the 300,000 copies which Mr. Fuller deplores as a possibility.

FREEMAN LEWIS.

New York, N. Y.

"How old is the child?"

SIR: I want to send you and Mr. Canby my devout thanks for the editorial "History by Innuendo" in the November 11, *Saturday Review*. I think a lot of people must have reviewed

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Beard book without reading it, or certainly without reading that last tenth. Thank heavens Mr. Canby and a handful of others did read it.

MARY IRWIN.

University of Chicago Press,
Chicago, Illinois.

Mr. Wecter Keeps the Record Straight

SIR: In your Letters column of November 25th I see that a Chicago reader, apparently with the Veterans' Administration, writes in to correct what he thinks is a misstatement of mine about loans to veterans under the G. I. Bill. I didn't mean that this loan came from the Federal Government, but that Uncle Sam simply guaranteed—as he explains, and as I explain in rather more detail on page 536 of "Johnny." There is so little space to go into details of this kind in a brief book review, and I didn't suppose any reader would be misled. Now if I offer my book as exculpation, it will look like a plug for my own wares! So I just mention this to you to keep the record straight.

DIXON WECTER.

San Marino, Calif.

More on Wecter-Waller

SIR: In his letter in the issue of December 9, Willard Waller, author of "The Veteran Comes Back," protesting against the review of his book by Dixon Wecter, author of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," makes three very fair statements, or rather makes the same statement three times: 1) "The two books are very different in nature and there is certainly room for both"; 2) "Each book should be useful in its own way"; 3) "There should be room for both books." Yet Mr. Waller in two instances speaks of the titles as "competing" books.

Publishing is full of instances which shows that books written on similar subjects, although from opposing points of view, and issued at the same time, have been beneficial to each other in the matter of influencing public opinion, reaching an increased number of readers, and running into additional sales.

It would seem that this is a case in point and that Mr. Waller would be well advised to drop the word "competing" and substitute instead the word "supplementary."

DALE WARREN.

Boston, Mass.

Mr. Wolfe Answers *Life*

SIR: I have written the following letter to *Life:*

> In your November 27 number you publish a letter from Mr. Albert Yves Bernard regarding the identity of the author of "Le Silence de la Mer." Mr. Bernard quotes from my article in *The Saturday Review of Literature,* October 14, 1944, which gave Jean Desvignes as the author of the book. An article in *Life* gave Vercors as the author.
>
> Your reply that Jean Bruller, who took the name of Vercors, was the author implies that Desvignes was not. May I point out that Vercors and Desvignes are one and the same person. During the years of German occupation many French authors engaged in underground resistance took one or more *noms de plumes.* This was done to confuse the Germans, and it did. But it also confused a good many other people.
>
> In early September when my article was in preparation in Paris, it was still an extremely complicated job to unravel the identities of certain resistance authors. I met Mme. Desvignes—under that name—at the home of Georges Oudard. (They were both members of a unit of the cultural resistance front.) When she gave me a copy of "Dans la Prison," one of the Editions de Minuit volumes, she inscribed it with her pseudonym of Desvignes.
>
> In *The Saturday Review of Literature* article I discussed M. Desvignes as a publisher, and only incidentally as the author of "Le Silence de la Mer."
>
> To substantiate my claim that Desvignes and Vercors are the same man, may I cite the September 9, 1944, number of *Les Lettres Françaises,* published in Paris as the organ of the National Committee of French Writers: "It was a well kept secret. One of the only real secrets of the resistance. Up to the last days of the German occupation Desvignes's best friends did not know that he was Vercors. Even his wife did not know it."

HENRY C. WOLFE.

New York, N. Y.

To the Defense of W.R.B.

SIR: This is the first time in my life that I have addressed the editor of a magazine in order to take issue with the writer of a letter appearing in the columns of that magazine. The communication which has stirred my indignation is H. W. Eliot's tirade on Mr. Benét's "Ode to the Party of Lincoln," which Ode appeared in The Phoenix Nest on November 4. Mr. Eliot's letter is a document of singular interest, in that its accusations are so ridiculous as to be almost appalling, yet are evidently made in all seriousness. By inference, he accuses William Rose Benét of being a perfect example of the Nazi mentality!

The "Ode to the Party of Lincoln," couched in strong poetic language, was campaign literature—of a superior order. Mr. Eliot may remember that Mr. Benét (in the same column in which the Ode appeared) came right out and told his readers that, through the kind indulgence of *SRL's* editor, he was using The Phoenix Nest as his fighting corner until the election was over. He was fighting for Mr. Roosevelt's re-election and he made no bones about it. He fought hard, and when his man won that was that. Mr. Eliot may observe that the Phoenix neither crows nor does it eat crow.

"Servile aspects," my eye! No matter how disappointed Mr. Eliot may have been at the results of the election, is it decent of him, is it *fair* of him, to pin such outrageous tags on Mr. Benét? After all, more than half the voting population of the United States voted for the man whom they, too, regard as "friend" and "chieftan." Does Mr. Eliot indict us millions along with Mr. Benét? *I hope so!* For anyone with the slightest knowledge of Mr. Benét, or of the body of his work, knows that he is genuinely and profoundly humanitarian, in the very same sense that Lincoln himself was humanitarian. In true service there is no servility; in true leadership, no arrogance. The poet recognizes this law by instinct. Mr. Benét happens to be a poet. But he is more than that, too—he is American to the core. He is American *because he is openly dedicated to "a new world deliverance."* Does anyone care to dispute that definition?

I hope you print this letter, for I believe it echoes the opinions of most of my contemporaries—though I expect that they will step right up and speak for themselves—and more plainly than I have, too! Wrath always makes my pen shake.

STARR NELSON.

New York, N. Y.

Information, Please

SIR: Have you in your collections any book or books which once belonged to Thomas Jefferson?

The Library of Congress is compiling for publication as complete a list as possible of all books ever owned by him, with present locations where such can be determined. You will remember that he had at least three libraries—(1) that which was almost entirely destroyed by fire in 1770; (2) that which went to re-found the Library of Congress in 1815; and (3) that which was sold at auction in 1829.

The identification of books owned by Mr. Jefferson can be simple. He had a "secret mark" rather than a book-plate. It was his custom to inscribe a "T" before the signature mark "I" or "J" in all books with that many signatures, and in larger books he also placed a "J" after the signature mark "T."

RANDOLPH G. ADAMS.

The Library of Congress,
Washington, D. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carl of the Bayou Country

CARL. By Alex Mélançon. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. 219 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

CARL BLOMQUIST, seven years old, of the Bayou country of Louisiana, came of a letter-writing family. Carl decided, something over a year ago, that his energies in this line should be devoted to seeing that some soldier got enough mail to keep his morale up to par. So he chose a Soldier Boy at random. If he had not hit upon the name of Alex Mélançon, feature writer for the *New Orleans Times-Picayune,* at that time in foreign service but still contributing to his paper, this book would never have been. It is a series of episodes in the life of Carl, gleaned from Carl's own cryptic communications and his mother's longer letters, and it is obvious that Private Mélançon was both lonely and imaginative. He began sending back to his paper these stories of Carl. They were written sometimes under great difficulties, in snatches on the march, in barracks at night, at any odd moment. It is obvious, also that the author was deeply moved by, and engrossed in, his subject, and these little chapters are full of touches of tenderness and poignance and humorous understanding. But the book seems on the whole a little too patently contrived. Carl in the book is not so much a real little boy as he is the product of two adults' imagination—Mélançon's, and Carl's mother's. "Miss Annie" wrote Soldier Boy (as Mélançon, somewhat sentimentally, is called in the book) supplementary accounts of Carl's doings, and so it was from no first hand knowledge of Carl at all that this history came into being. The book suffers therefrom.

In spite of the fact that the author describes how he rejected suggestions by his companions in arms to write a story of Carl doing this or that by saying "But Carl *didn't* do that. I'm not writing fiction," I got the impression that some of Carl's escapades were made out of whole cloth, just to make it a good story. The time, for instance, when Carl, having read in a letter from Soldier Boy how a G. I. mattress cover, inflated, makes a fine instrument for riding surf, blows up one of Miss Annie's embroidered pillow cases and is found floating on it, surf riding in the bath tub. Now, I submit that it would be impossible for an ordinary pillow case to sustain the weight of a seven year old boy (even a small thin boy like Carl), granted that he could have inflated it. How did he do it? Blow it up like a balloon? Let author Mélançon, or Miss Annie, try it sometime. Also the time when Carl, having read about sailors' hammocks, is found suspended "high overhead" in a hammock made of the bed sheet tied to two bed posts. Could a seven year old boy tie a bed sheet in such secure knots, and could he tie it "high overhead" and still get into the hammock? And what would keep the tied ends from slipping down the posts? The reader wishes that Private Mélançon had been content to let Carl be less amusing.

The book of Carl had, I think, a better idea behind it than was worked out. It could have been made a very moving and genuine account of a child's image in the mind and heart of a lonely soldier. But Carl does not emerge in these pages with the authentic appeal that he had for Private Mélançon. The story has been dressed up too much. For a book it retains too much flavor of the day by day feature article, pointed up and elaborated. It may be, in spite of my doubts, every bit true. Whether it is actually true or not doesn't matter so much. What I do object to is the fact that, claiming to be truth, it has not been made to sound completely convincing. I can think of dozens of out and out fictional children who seem realer than Carl.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
EPITAPH FOR LEMMINGS *Simon Harvester* (Macmillan: $2.50)	English agent Murray finds out who is sabotaging "food-dumps" and busts up spy-ring.	Well-documented, expertly written fifth column tale with sundry exciting incidents and a fighting finish.	Fair
GREAT BLACK KANBA *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	American actress trouping in Australia loses memory and finds herself center of murder case. Semi-pro. sleuth does good job.	Strange scenery, customs, people, and animals give story more than ordinary kick. Central figures well drawn and plot plenty baffling.	Good

walk with

Thompson...

The foremost authority on Francis Thompson in the United States conducts you along the paths which the great poet himself wandered during his brief earthly pilgrimage . . . introduces you to his magnificent friends . . . describes the places associated with his work . . . reveals the history of his age. Here is an intimate insight into the aesthetic aspiring spirit within the frail body. Pictures and patterns of his life and times are interwoven with fragments of his exquisite poetry. The lovable, singular personality that is Thompson lives and breathes and is understood within the covers of

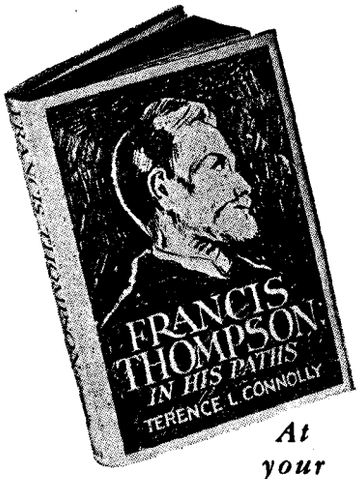
FRANCIS THOMPSON:

IN HIS PATHS

by

Terence L. Connolly

$2.75



At your bookstore

The Bruce Publishing Co.

New York 18 MILWAUKEE 1 Chicago 1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

TIDE MAGAZINE prints a letter from George Fitzpatrick marvelling at the fancy array of names of radio announcers and commentators. He cites such "story-book handles" as Fielding Farrington, Upton Close, Farnsworth Fowell, Gunner Buck, Westbrook Van Voorhies, Ford Bond, Basil Rysdale, Dorian St. George, and Wendell Niles. "There isn't a Tom, Dick, or Harry in the bunch," Mr. Fitzpatrick points out. "Which came first: the names or radio employment?" . . . *Tide* presents a list of its own of well-known names in fields comparable to radio: DeWitt Wallace, Turner Catledge, Fulton Oursler, Ward Morehouse, Gault MacGowan, Rolf Coykendall, and Westbrook Pegler (Floyd Gibbons once referred to Pegler as "that fellow with the Pullman car name"). . . . There are plenty of unusual names in the book publishing business too: Milo Sutliff, Ferris Greenslet, Van Cartmell, Cass Canfield, Whitney Darrow, Ives Washburn, Pascal Covici, Nelson Doubleday, and Wallaby Geddes. . . . Not to mention Bennett Cerf. . . . My favorite names belong to that sterling sister and brother who live next door to the Brunswick, Georgia, Bookshop: Honeysuckle and Xantippe Ginsberg. . . .

ONE OF THE best stories Dorothy Parker has ever written appears in the December *Cosmopolitan*. It is the soliloquy of a lady who has just hit forty, and its title, "The Middle or Blue Period," is no more inspired than the barbed and rueful wit of the content. The spectacle of Miss Parker reaching once more into her topmost drawer is enough to cause dancing in the streets. . . . John Gunther finally has finished his novel, "The Troubled Midnight," and turned it in to Harper's. The same firm has received the completed manuscript of Frederic Prokosch's new book, "Age of Thunder." . . . Alfred Harcourt has established his permanent residence in Santa Barbara, where his son Hastings is doing big things in the real-estate market. . . . George Pepper devotes several paragraphs of his "Philadelphia Lawyer" (Lippincott) to Senator Ollie James of Kentucky. "Before I came to Washington," drawled James one day, "I used to hear tell that the Republicans were the watchdogs of the Treasury. Well, I reckon they are. But they're like our Kaintucky watchdogs. They don't bark so loud at the home folks." . . . H. L. Mencken has turned in to Knopf a supplement to "The American Language," consisting of material that has accumulated since the last edition was completed in 1936. This edition is about to go into its tenth printing. The supplement will be published separately in the spring. . . .

LITERARY LIGHTS are going to find themselves mixed up in some pretty gory proceedings if a present tendency goes much further. Leslie Ford's new whodunit concerns a murder committed in the editorial offices of the *Saturday Evening Post*, with several high dignitaries of the *Post* mentioned by their right names. Bill Targ's mystery, "The Case of Mr. Cassidy," involves a host of well-known Chicago bookmen. And Herbert Raymond Mayes, of *Good Housekeeping*, has commissioned Vera Caspary, author of "Laura," to plant a killing in the middle of the Stork Club, with some of Sherman Billingsley's most glittering patrons flitting in and out to lend color. . . . Simon and Schuster announce "The Life and Death of Enrico Caruso" for Spring publication. Doubleday will feature autobiographies by Gertrude Lawrence and Sophie Tucker. Errol Flynn and Corinne Griffith have manuscripts on the way, too. The public has shown that it likes books by and about stage and screen notables, and the publishers, paper or no paper, are supplying the demand. . . . Marjorie Greisser, known to the entire book world by virtue of an eight-year term as executive secretary of the National Association of Book Publishers, is now an official of the Viking Press. Howard Moss is the new advertising manager of Ziff-Davis. . . . The Spring Little, Brown list will be even more of a power house than usual. It includes new books by C. S. Forrester, James Hilton, Evelyn Waugh, Ellery Queen, Ngaio Marsh, Jacques Barzun, and Rumer Godden. . . .

JOHN STRALEY writes about a Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Quork of Florida, who had not spoken to each other since 1935, but were reconciled during the recent hurricane. They were blown simultaneously through the roof of their home, and Mrs. Quork explained later, "It seemed silly for us to go out together and not be speaking." . . . A touching story going the rounds concerns a wisp of a man who bought a ferocious tiger at an auction, outbidding several prominent circus proprietors. "What are you gonna do with that man-eating beast?" he was asked by the head of a wild animal act; "Going into competition with us?" "Oh, no," said the little man, "it isn't that. But my poor wife died last week and I'm lonely." . . .

LUCIUS BEEBE, who likes to travel on trains so much that he's been known to ride the Colonial up to Boston and turn around and come right back on the Merchant's Limited, detects a distinct improvement in dining car service of late. "It's again possible," he reports, "to get seated, baited and sluiced aboard the Senator, Merchant's, or the Royal Blue with something approximating comfort and convenience." The man who is chiefly responsible for this improvement is L. C. Armfield, Commissary Purchasing Agent of the Pullman Company, operating from Chicago, who has performed such an outstanding job that even Harold Ross, unpredictable Mr. Big of the *New Yorker*, stops castigating book publishers and *Time-Life* minions who are "picking his brains" long enough to join the chorus of commendation. . . . Of course, the menus on the diners are still restricted. Ham and eggs, for instance, which always tasted better for some reason aboard a train than anywhere else, are out for the duration. Jim Crowder, famous Midwestern book magnate, got a seat on an Illinois Central diner one day. "Do you like split pea soup?" asked the waiter. "No," said Jim. "Chicken croquettes?" "No." "Prune pie?" "No." The waiter took the napkin off the table. "Good day," he said. "You is had your lunch." . . .

PROFESSOR EDMUND H. BOOTH, Chairman of English 1-2 at Dartmouth, assures me that "never in Freshman English at Dartmouth were contemporary American novels featured," as a correspondent to Trade Winds mistakenly asserted. The first term, English 1, you may be interested to know, takes up

> The Bible—selections from the Old Testament.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Hey, pop—ma wants ya should drop in an' see yer parole officer on ya way home."

Chaucer—Prologue, Prioress's Tale, Nun's Priest's Tale, Pardoner's Prologue and Tale, Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale.
Shakespeare—Romeo and Juliet, Henry IV, Part I, Othello.

In the second term—English 2—Dartmouth freshmen read:

Milton—Paradise Lost (selections).
Melville—Moby Dick.
Conrad—Lord Jim.
Huxley—Brave New World.
Browning—Poems.

"Shakespeare and Browning," says Professor Booth, "have been constants on the list except for maybe three or four terms during the last twenty years. Occasionally we have used a modern American novel—*e.g.*, 'Babbitt,' 'Ethan Frome,' 'Farewell to Arms,' 'In Dubious Battle,' 'Three Black Pennys,' 'My Antonia'—but not more than two of these ever in a single year's program. Conrad, Samuel Butler, Shaw, Hardy, Galsworthy, Strachey have appeared much oftener. Not that we love modern American novels less; it's just that generally our purposes are better served by other works. . . . Entering Freshmen know little about the nineteenth century. They know almost nothing about Chaucer or the Bible. We think they ought to know something about them." . . .

UNFORGETTABLE QUOTATION from "This Was My Newport," by Maude Howe Elliott (Mythology Press): "One of the Astors reminded me that a man who has a million dollars is really just as well off as if he were rich." . . . Two chorus girls, intimate friends of the ace radio scripter Hal Block, met backstage. One held out her hand and said, "I'm Mrs. Tommy Manville. Are you?" . . . The public libraries of America need bigger appropriations for acquisition of new books. The A. L. A. points out that there is less than one public library book for every inhabitant of the country. The overall figure is .87 per capita. New Hampshire makes the best showing of individual states with 3.58, Mississippi the worst with .15—one book, in effect, for every seven persons in the state! . . .

The editor of Columbia's *Pleasures of Publishing* reports the addition of a very social-minded and serious lady to the board of a home for delinquent girls. She made it her business to speak to the girls personally, and then came charging into her first Directors' meeting. "It's high time," she declared, "that we began trying to attract a better class of girl to this institution."

BENNETT CERF

"From where I sit"

Remember we left JOE, THE WOUNDED TENNIS PLAYER, two weeks ahead on his columns? Soft you now, the fair Ophelia. . . .

"But when I got three whole weeks ahead, a matter of eighteen entire columns, a total of fifty-four pages, a sum of eighteen thousand words, the *Citizen-News* managing editor went completely out of his head. His bitterness vanished; faith took its place, humbleness and a sort of low fawning. He began to write me long letters full of religion. He said that steadiness was bound to take a man farthest in the long run. He said he had always said I was a genius; that all I needed was a governor. He said he for one had always most highly prized the man who had consideration for others, even if it was only a managing editor, and thank God there were still *some* decent people left in the world and I was one of them. There was actually a tear on one of those pages, or what looked like one; I kept that page apart from the rest and meant to keep it with me always.

"Gil Hammond, at the next desk to mine, was always putting sodium amytal in Coca-Cola as a chaser for the kind of scotch he drank, and I showed him the letter and he began to cry and it got on the page I was saving. There was no particular use in saving it any more, since now that Gil had cried on it it wasn't purely personal or sacred, really, and also Gil's tears made brilliant orange blots; we wrote the American Medical Association about it, but nothing came of it."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

WHEN YOU browse through the remarkable illustrations in BARON JOSEPH VAN DER ELST'S THE LAST FLOWERING OF THE MIDDLE AGES, you'll come across some photographic comparisons between figures in Flemish painting

and contemporary Flemish types, and you'll be struck by the close resemblance. Actually, you should not be surprised at this any more than it should surprise you to find that the BARON'S blond children look Belgian and speak French. Closely preserved national types show little change over the centuries. And little Belgian children go right on speaking French.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Seeing Things

TINTINNABULATION, INDEED!

IT is the bell that matters—to the villagers of Adano,* to Major Joppolo, to the readers of John Hersey's novel, and now to playgoers in New York. When at last the new bell rings out, vibrant and clear at the Cort Theatre, in tones as insistent as the present, as consoling as is every pleasant link with the past, as challenging as are all decent hopes for the future, and as silvery as is goodness itself, it wrings the heart.

"It makes the whole goddamn building shake," says the little American Major, looking up in triumph at his moment of defeat. The new bell does more than that. It makes audible in a conquered European town and in the midst of war's meannesses that song which we as a people have heard at least in our hearts since first in Philadelphia a certain bell, now cracked, dared to reverberate.

In Greece and Italy just now the village bells may not ring out as confidently as they did when we invaded Sicily. The problems of Military Government were then comparatively new. Hope was high, and the belief verdant that an invasion by us meant a liberation.

Although events may have changed, we must accept "A Bell for Adano" in the springlike spirit of the time when Mr. Hersey's novel was written. We must remember it is the governments that have failed the bells, and not the little men who fought and died on foreign beaches to make their ringing possible, or the Joppolos who followed them. If anything, the grave changes in the international picture only add to the timeliness of the dramatization. Our need is urgent now to be reminded of the lost innocence and the bright hopes of the initial phases. However the governments may falter and stumble, the Joppolos remain unchanged

Major Joppolo's goodness was the point and source of happy pathos in Mr. Hersey's excellent novel. Fortunately it continues to be the point and source of strength of the moving play Paul Osborn has made from it. In the theatre no less than in the library the kindness of this American Major, who serves a conquered Sicilian town as its military mayor, shines like Portia's candle. It flutters and flames above the barbarities of battle and the humiliations of conquest, endowing both the book and the dramatization with what John Galsworthy would have called their "spire of meaning."

"I beg you to get to know this man Joppolo well," wrote Mr. Hersey in his brief foreword. "We have need of him. He is the future of our world. Neither the eloquence of Churchill nor the humaneness of Roosevelt, no Charter, no four freedoms or fourteen points, no dreamer's diagram, so symmetrical and so faultness on paper, no plan, no hope, no treaty—none of these things can guarantee anything. Only men can guarantee, only the behavior of men under pressure, only our Joppolos."

—SRL Woodcut by Frances O'Brien Garfield
Frederic March as Major Joppolo

In other words, though Mr. Hersey's Major is very much an individual, he is more than that. He is at once Joppolo, an American born in the Bronx of immigrant parents from Italy, and democracy's Everyman now invading Europe with our armed forces. He is the representative of our average people to the average people overseas. Their judgment of us depends upon their judgment of him—and of his sort. This is the awesome responsibility which is his and upon which much unlived history may depend.

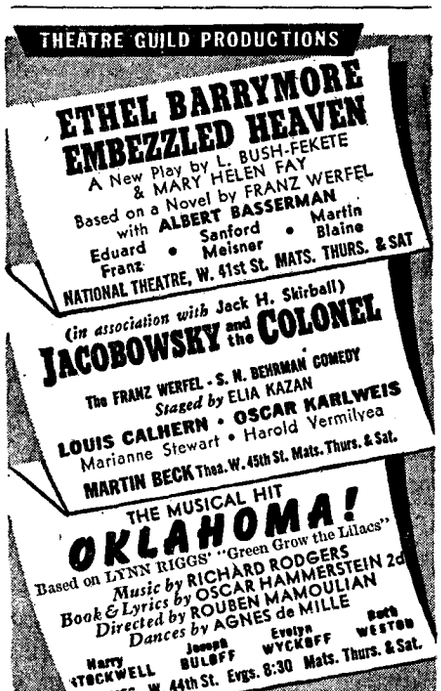
To most men national governments are far away forces, as abstract and distant in small communities as local governments are real and near. Many men who cannot understand the atom scientifically comprehend nothing else in their living. This is where Joppolo comes into the picture, and where the abstraction known as "government" ceases even now to exist. Around the world's cracker barrels "statism" is never what it is in the world's headlines. In such a village as Adano and by the very nature of his task, Joppolo is bound to be more than an American. Whether he knows it or likes it, he is America. He is "Little America" incarnate, which is one way of saying he is really the big and abiding America.

If "A Bell for Adano" is to this extent a Morality play, written simply and with a most contagious warmth about a good man's attempts to do in wartime a difficult democratic job well, it also shares one feature with the older Miracle plays. In their fashion it opposes good and evil, virtue and vice. It has its Herod no less than its hero. The one is written of with a hatred equalled only by the affection with which the other is drawn.

The Herod of the piece is the mule-shooting bully Mr. Hersey calls General Marvin. He is everything Joppolo is not—famous, blustering, egotistical, willful, inconsiderate, and sadistic. He undoes not only Joppolo himself but all that Joppolo has dreamed of doing. He is as negative in his strength as Joppolo is positive in his weakness. Although on the stage the General remains wisely unseen, he is neither unheard nor unfelt.

The same discretion Mr. Osborn displays in exiling General Marvin to the wings is shown in almost his whole dramatization and in all of H. C. Potter's direction. If the script as drama

*"A Bell for Adano," a play by Paul Osborn based on John Hersey's novel. Presented by Leland Hayward and directed by H. C. Potter at the Cort Theatre.


THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
ETHEL BARRYMORE
EMBEZZLED HEAVEN
A New Play by L. BUSH-FEKETE & MARY HELEN FAY
Based on a Novel by FRANZ WERFEL
with ALBERT BASSERMAN
Eduard • Sanford • Martin
Franz • Meisner • Blaine
NATIONAL THEATRE, W. 41st St. MATS. THURS. & SAT
(in association with Jack H. Skirball)
JACOBOWSKY and the COLONEL
The FRANZ WERFEL - S. N. BEHRMAN COMEDY
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
LOUIS CALHERN • OSCAR KARLWEIS
Marianne Stewart • Harold Vermilyea
MARTIN BECK Thea. W. 45th St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
THE MUSICAL HIT
OKLAHOMA!
Based on LYNN RIGGS' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
Harry STOCKWELL
Joseph BULOFF
Evelyn WYCKOFF
Beth WESTON
St. JAMES. W. 44th St. Evgs. 8:30 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have YOU seen them in
LIFE WITH FATHER ?
EMPIRE THEATRE, B'way at 40th St.

9TH HILARIOUS MONTH
BROADWAY COMEDY RIOT
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
Based on Rosemary Taylor's Best Seller
with Sidney Blackmer • Lois Wilson
PLYMOUTH WEST 45th. Evgs. Incl. Sun. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

Richard Rodgers & Oscar Hammerstein 2d present
MADY CHRISTIANS • OSCAR HOMOLKA
in JOHN van DRUTEN'S
I REMEMBER MAMA
from Kathryn Forbes' 'Mama's Bank Account'
with JOAN TETZEL
MUSIC BOX, W. 45th St. • Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

A TRULY GREAT MOTION PICTURE WITH A PRIZE-WINNING CAST
Lester Cowan PRESENTS

STARRING
FREDRIC MARCH · BETTY FIELD
and the Sensational SKIPPY HOMEIER
Now Showing GLOBE Brandt's B'way & 46th St.

"★★★★" A prize film in any language."—McManus, PM
ARTKINO Presents
The Rainbow
9th Big Week
"★★★½★"—News
CONT. 9 A.M. STANLEY 7th Ave., bet. 42d & 41st ST.

is slightly cooler and more sublimated in its passion than was the original, if it loses some of the vividness of Mr. Hersey's reportorial details, if Margo's Tina is more nebulous than need be, the story none-the-less has been adapted surprisingly well, without losing too much or being overcrowded when denied the freedom of the village and confined within a single scene.

As Joppolo, Fredric March gives the best performance of his career. If visually he is handsomer than the Joppolo we saw in Mr. Hersey's pages, if vocally the Bronx is scarcely more to him than a point of reference, the fact remains that spiritually he is to the full the novel's Major. This is all that counts. He plays glibly and gaily his hilarious comedy scenes with the young Lieutenant who is Yale enough to make even the Navy blue. His goodness comes to him without effort and without sententiousness. His Joppolo remains as poseless as he must be. The projection of virtue behind the footlights is an accomplishment as signal as the task is challenging.

The numerous Italian villagers are acted with such exuberance that one is apt to think they are overplaying, until one remembers that they are Italians. As soldiers the Italians may have much to learn from the rest of the world, but as actors they are peo-

ple who have everything to teach. They may suffer with the world from a shortage of straight players, but they are a nation of character actors, that is when they are not opera singers. Vesuvius is more than an Italian volcano. She is a symbol of the national temperament. The Italians wear not their hearts but their temperaments on their sleeves. One could swear their spaghetti had been boiled in greasepaint and that their *vino rosa* was distilled from rouge. At the Cort the villagers of Adano are being paid for what they would have done for nothing at home, and for doing it delightfully. Like Joppolo they, too, can shine with the little man's goodness.

"A Bell for Adano" is as moving as only a play can be that is good in the human no less than the technical sense, and good without mawkishness. While moving us profoundly, it makes us realize how cynical we must be. Otherwise we would not be as surprised, hence as touched, as we invariably are when in life no less than in the theatre we are confronted by goodness itself.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

MIDWEST BOOK NEWS

The Most Impressive Advance in the Book Business

by
Paul Romaine
Bookseller
156 W. Randolph St.
Chicago

Looking back over 19 years in the book business the most impressive advance has been the publication and sale of books of progressive and vital content.

It is to the credit of American publishers and booksellers, but more to the credit of the American public, that in the last decade such books as Grapes of Wrath, Tree of Liberty, Native Son, Red Star Over China, One World, The Silent Don, and others have become best sellers.

In the vanguard of creative authors, whose work has had large sale, are Erskine Caldwell, Ernest Hemingway, Pearl Buck, Howard Fast, John Steinbeck, Tom Wolfe, Richard Wright, Upton Sinclair.

A glance at the books of the moment further confirms this trend: Strange Fruit, Earth and High Heaven, A Bell for Adano, A Walk in the Sun—all are books of literary merit.

When you add to the above developments the increased sales of standard works in the Modern Library and similar editions, and the desire for better printed and illustrated classics, you have a picture of the contemporary American public, whose standards are far above those of nineteen years ago.

I feel The Chicago Sun's Book Week is guiding the public along the path of democracy, and I repeat a passage from my first ad in The Sun: "*A progressive bookstore begins advertising in a progressive newspaper. May the sun never set on the truth in news or in books.*"

BOOK WEEK
is the Book Section of The
CHICAGO SUNDAY SUN
and the Midwest
400 W. Madison St., Chicago
250 Park Ave., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Phoenix Nest

PRELUDE TO A STORM

(Note: this poem was *dreamed* by the author one night in early June, 1940. It was written down the following morning, and was immediately offered to and rejected by every newspaper in New York City.)

DOWN the long silver scrolls
Of our roads and rivers,
Over all our plains,
Over their shimmering pale-green pages,
Move the umbrella shadows,
Not of rain—
O not of wildest rain!
Not of such heavenly rage,
These clouds that shivering roll
Their incredible shades.

Down, down, down, through the clear azure ocean
Drift the white clouds of summer
Touching the earthly shore
And shadows of steeple and flower
Lost in the motion
Of shadow and cloud are the broken
Stems of the sun. . . .

Lovers, awaken! Turn no more
In the bracken, in the fern!
This is no hour for dream—
In the cloudy upper room,
Through every cracking beam,
Through the doomed blue shuddering floor,
Monstrous thunder-beetles burr!
Wild, O wild and black,
September's hurricanes, and kind
Before that darker wind
Blowing these hither,—
For its breath shall wither
All mortal and temporal bloom—
Stem, leaf and bud and flower,
Tongue, limb and breast and womb—
Each intricate perfect home
Of life will burn, will burn!

This is no hour for dream—
This is dark morning.
O dark—for this is Man
Whose mask adheres so well,
Whose armor as a shell
Fits to the ocean mollusc, so to him:
In his new element
Of ether and of fire,

Wrapped in his brother's pyre
He gives no warning he is Death.—
For so conspires the hiss
Of lightning with his breath.

The tunnelling pygmy race
Is Man, too, underneath
Earth's crumbling carapace—
Was god-like Man, his ardor come to this
Primeval blind desire
To burrow below the mire,
Frantic as any mole,
Soft, eyeless, bloodied, struggling to a hole.
Beneath fern roots and bracken
Shall the bright tongues blacken?
Man's flesh be feast
For beetle and for beast?
Even his bone be charred, be lost
To Love, its host?
This is no hour for dream—
They move over hills and waters,
Umbrella shadows of clouds
Whose steel rain slaughters.
Must this be the answer to the proud
Body and all its claims,
To the spirit and its gleam,
To Man's towering desires—
This parachuting flame?
The rocketing fires?
O Lovers, rise! Run with the wind of Time!
This is no shower of June's electric rain—
This is the darkening cyclonic hour
That never comes again.

STARR NELSON.

It appears to me that I have had the privilege here of printing, not only a very good poem but a remarkable prophecy. As Mrs. Nelson wrote, when I asked her permission to use it, "I suppose you could hardly expect anybody to take it seriously *then*. That was way before Pearl Harbor, and *years* before rocket bombs were invented. But *now* that dream is a dread reality for millions of people, and it will come true right here, too, if we ever have another war."

Witter Bynner, distinguished American poet now residing in Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico, and recent translator of Laotzu in "The Way of Life" (John Day Co.; $1) sends me this from the sunny clime south of the border:

A POLITICAL REFLECTION

The Republicans' master manoeuvre
Was Harding and Coolidge and Hoover
And they never get over its ranklin'
That the Democrats countered with Franklin.

It seems that Robert Frost had anticipated Arthur Krock with the "formic-McCormick" rhyme. Frederick L. Gwynn, Lt. (jg) Naval Air Corps, writes me that "Mr. Frost used to assert that he had written his poem, 'Departmental' on the bureaucratic nature of ants, just for the triumphal tag in the couplet:

And the word goes round in formic:
Death's come to Jerry McCormick!"

Also Winfield T. Scott, the poet, of *The Providence Journal*, says that Mr. Frost "ant-icipated" Mr. Krock. I believe that the poem appears in "A Further Range."

Also, to settle the matter of the word "logistics" forever, I thank Gertrude W. Page of Alhambra, California, for the following:

> Your apology to Dorothy Thompson in *The Phoenix Nest* for October 14, while "noble in intent," was somewhat hasty. If you had been able to consult "the complete Merriam-Webster," 1942, you would have seen that "logistics" is given but one definition:
>
> LOGISTICS—*n.* [F. *logistique*, from *logis*, quarters, lodging, from *loger* to lodge or to quarter.] Military. That branch of the military art which embraces the details of the transport, quartering, and supply of troops in military operations.
>
> The noun *logistic* (without the *s*) is from an entirely different root, and means, according to Webster, symbolic or mathematical logic, which is not at all what Miss Thompson had in mind. Furthermore, your correspondent Arthur Kohlenburg, of the United States Army, proves himself unreliable. He also is evidently a hasty person, who has not paused to discriminate between *logistic* and *logistics*. The "example" he "adduces" is "'A New System of Logistics,' by Willard Van Orman Quine," but he did not take the time to notice that the correct title is "A System of Logistic," or that Mr. Quine, as well as other logicians, uses the word *logistic* (but never *logistics*) to refer to a very special type of logic, and never synonomously with general logic.
>
> So hold up your head again, dear Mr. Benét. You were entirely correct in your first letter!
>
> Thanks!
>
> WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ARE YOU

THIS COPY WRITER?

Somewhere in the advertising business is a talented young copy writer who is worried about his future.

He seems stymied where he is. He wants to become connected with a large, forward-looking agency where the opportunities for a man like himself are practically unlimited. But it must be an agency noted for good copy—because this man is, above all, a craftsman, with a craftsman's pride in good work.

If you are this man, there is a job waiting for you with one of the country's foremost agencies.

It is not a "war baby" job, not a case where you would be filling in temporarily until some soldier returns. We are looking for a man who is mature in judgment but who still has a capacity for growth, a man who will be even more valuable ten years from now than he is today—a good *team man* who can fill big shoes and take them far.

When you write, please give your age, experience, past earnings, and specialized interests. Include a few representative samples of your work. It will help if you send along a photograph. Your letter will, of course, be treated in complete confidence. The members of our agency know about this advertisement.

ADDRESS: BOX 655-K

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 560)

WILL DURANT:
CAESAR AND CHRIST

There is no greater drama in human record than the sight of a few Christians . . . building order while their enemies generated chaos . . . fighting the sword with the Word . . . and at last defeating the strongest state history has known.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

EMERSON'S WORKS, 14 volumes, fine set, $32.75. Box 620-K.

IS THERE A COOPERATIVE COLONY of writers and artists accepting membership, please write Box 77, Washington Bridge Station, New York 33, N. Y.

CULTURED WOMAN, several languages, strong well balanced personality, wants chance to be trained—translator, secretary, club manager, administration-estate, ranch. Familiar rural life. Location no objection. Box 603-K.

DWELLING WANTED, "for a song," by impoverished poetess. Box 629-K.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL WOMAN desires room or share apartment. Capable, adaptable personality, willing act occasionally as sitter. Box 630-K.

INTELLIGENT Ph.D.'s, M.A.'s or college graduates, especially interested social science or literature, imaginative perhaps, believing economic equality women, mature-minded, radicalish or liberalish write like-minded damsel formerly from ranch, big city, studied abroad. Box 622-K.

PRIVATE FRENCH INSTRUCTION, beginners and advanced students. Special emphasis on perfection of accent and pronunciation by Madame Halouze, 44 East 63rd Street, N. Y. C., REgent 7-3835.

FINE GIFT for a high school student; Funk and Wagnall's New Standard Encyclopedia, 25 volume complete reference work; over 12,000 pages, 7,000,000 words, 2,000 illustrations, over 60,000 subjects, handsome binding, boxed. $19.50. Box 616-K.

VERSATILE COPYWRITER AVAILABLE for evening, week-end work at home. Direct mail, editing, ghostwriting. Box 623-K.

ACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN desires position of any sort aboard ocean-going vessel. Will accept almost any wages in order to be at sea. Reply—Mary Gregory, 69 Brook Street, Wellesley 81, Mass.

INTELLIGENT FEMME, thirtyish, good personality, background, craves challenging teaching job, English, junior college or senior high. Box 624-K.

CAN YOU USE the services of a part-time worker? Manuscripts typed; research work; odd jobs. Box 654-K.

IDEALIST, stressing ethical and social consciousness, living life beautiful, elated by great music, art, and Nature in all her poetic moods, would welcome correspondence with female similarly concerned, in accord with the philosophy of "plain living and high thinking." Box 649-K.

WOMAN INTERESTED in social problems, delinquents, human relations, rural life, will exchange opinions with anyone similarly interested. Box 606-K.

LADY, UNIVERSITY GRADUATE, desires correspondence with high-grade unattached gentleman. Box 650-K.

WOMAN, SINCERE, PROFESSIONAL, invites correspondence from cultured gentleman. Box 651-K.

WIDOW, TRAVELED, EDUCATED, with zest for life, would like to hear from gentleman of sincerity and understanding. Box 652-K.

WOMAN PRODUCER SEEKING PLAY ABOUT WOMAN—who enriches man's life. But it must "make 'em laugh." Box 653-K.

MIDDLE AGED GENTLEMAN who loves the beautiful in life desires correspondence with congenial well educated young lady. Box 593-K.

UPTON SINCLAIR'S WORKS, 28 volumes, 23 cloth bound, 5 paper. $23.50. Box 617-K.

VISIT CAPTIVA LODGE on beautiful Captiva Island, tropical paradise in the Gulf of Mexico, off Fort Myers, Fla. Noted for swimming, fishing, shell hunting, sailing, sun bathing. Moderate rates. Write for booklet.

WANTED—BY FEBRUARY 1, Field Secretary for Episcopal Girls' School in the mid-west, well-dressed, well-educated, woman of good breeding who can inspire confidence and meet people well. Must be willing to travel, live in the school, and make herself useful when not in the field. Position may be arranged for four, six, or twelve months. Include references and photograph in first letter. Box 625-K.

THOREAU'S WRITINGS, illustrated. Nineteen volumes of the famous manuscript edition at special price of $59.50. Box 618-K.

TYPIST-SECRETARY, cultured, literary research worker, seeks part or full time position. Box 634-K.

CUSTOM DECORATED HOMES planned for modern living. Expert advice at little or no extra cost. Helen R. Mann, 545 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. VA 6-0094.

IS THERE a young woman in her thirties or forties looking for a home-life who will be home-maker for father and three boys—two in high school, one three? Must run house, cook, drive, mother boys; outside help for dirty work. Small house in New York suburb. Moderate pay but happy home. Box 626-K.

WOMAN EDITOR, returning from Mexico first of 1945, desires permanent connection utilizing solid experience in all phases production, layout, copywriting, and working knowledge of Spanish. Will travel anywhere. Address offers now to Box 601-K.

ELLEN TERRY JUBILEE SOUVENIR, signed, with photographs of her in principal roles, also large signed photograph suitable for framing, both $22.50. Box 619-K.

GENTLEMAN DESIRES INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE with sincere young lady. Box 676-K.

INFORMATION: LITERARY AND GENERAL. Modest rates. The Roxbys, 747 So. New Hampshire Ave., Box 9, Los Angeles 5, Calif.

ALERT PROGRESSIVE INDIVIDUALS interested in keeping in touch with the youthful talented minds of today subscribe to INTERIM, a literary quarterly which will not creep silently into oblivion. 1536 Shenandoah Drive, Seattle 2, Washington. $1.50 a year. $.40 a copy.

HOW CAN I FIND OUT? Information discreetly developed; any matter, person, problem; anywhere. International facilities. Established 1922. William Herman, 170 Broadway, New York.

INTERESTED TO BUY letters written by Henry George or books with his presentation. Box 532-K.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED; mimeographing; superior workmanship. JENE STERN, 347 Madison Avnue, New York. MU 4-0087.

PENNSYLVANIA GENEALOGIES a specialty. Efficiently searched. Box 226-K.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES and interests? Write. Receive unique souvenir. Box 522-K.

BE THE LIFE of the party showing world's most amazing trick! Two-inch solid wood arrow through half-inch solid metal washer. Barrels of fun. Bushels of money. Sample and instructions $5.00. Refund to failures. George "Idea" Gillespie, Galax, Va.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. Delightful, informal New England rooms, cottages.

TEACHERS, during your Christmas vacation enjoy old world charm in America's oldest city. Valencia Hotel, St. Augustine, Florida.

COLLABORATOR WANTED by short-story writer for series slanted toward "slick" magazine markets. N. Y. C. resident. Box 599-K.

"MERRIEBROOK," Poughquag, New York. Delightful, peaceful homestead. Tempting meals, inexpensive. North Clove 2583.

GENTLEMAN, BACHELOR, seeks to hear from young woman—whose mental health reaches great heights. She may pursue a career, but her contentment does not rest upon the approbations nor appropriations of the world. Box 663-K.

WANTED: amiable young male enthusiast about arts and letters, pianist and physical-culturist if possible, to share $50.00 apartment. Manhattan, N. Y. Box 664-K.

CHEERFUL LAD, lover of great outdoors, camping, mountains, good music and country life, desires correspondence with lassie. Box 665-K.

PICTURE EDITOR WANTED—by publisher who is now preparing a new picture encyclopedia. One who can determine how best to illustrate encyclopedic subjects—who knows where to locate these pictures—who can negotiate permission to use these pictures with "courtesy credits" or, if necessary, at little cost. Write fully your complete experience. Mention salary you expect. Applications will be treated confidentially. Box 666-K.

CAN YOU COOK WELL? Business man, bachelor, upper east side New York; small apartment; wants student either sex to make and serve dinner several times a week. Box 667-K.

CULTURED WOMAN SEEKS POSITION —companion-nurse-secretary; drive, type; free to travel. TR 4-9162, NYC. Box 668-K.

ANTIQUE AMBER NECKLACE. Fifty-two cylindrical pieces. Thirty-six inches. Four and tenth ounces. Opalescent. Seventy-five dollars. Box 669-K.

EDITORIAL POSITION WANTED, magazine, newspaper, publishing house; poetry or prose; Mary Nettleton, 125 East 72 Street, N. Y. C.

(*Continued on next page*)

TO ORDER ANY BOOK described or advertised in this issue

USE THIS COUPON! (Books sent postage free anywhere in U. S.)

To: Your local bookseller

Or: **Doubleday, Doran Book Shops,**

Mail Order Department, 14 West 49th St., New York 20, N. Y.

Please send me the following books for which I enclose $.....

(PRINT TITLES OF BOOKS WANTED).....

.....

Name.....

Address.....

Zone No.

City..... (IF ANY).....*State*.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 21*)

"THE COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING offered by the University of Oklahoma (under the supervision of Prof. W. S. Campbell, 'Stanley Vestal') sounds so efficient and intelligent, whether taken in person or by correspondence, that we are tempted to refer to it many applicants who wish that kind of information and training."—The Saturday Review of Literature (May 13, 1939—page 21). For particulars write STANLEY VESTAL, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma.

WATERBURY, CONN.: Was there never more than one copy Horace Hotckkiss' "REMINISCENCES" (Anderson, V II, p. 327)? Historical Society's copy lost. Other Waterbury reminiscences, 1800-1850, welcomed. Novelist. Box 635-K.

IS THERE AN ANGEL stirred by the injustice of discrimination who will contribute to an active campaign for more effective inter-faith harmony? Box 577-K.

WOULD any bell collectors advise a beginner? Box 636-K.

SHE WHO BELIEVES letters can be adventurous should write Box 609-K.

WAR WORKER desires to exchange ideas with culture and country loving gentleman. Box 608-K.

WORKING MAN desires female correspondence. Box 607-K.

LIFE'S ROUTINE might be brightened considerably by letters from a nice, intelligent man. Box 637-K.

O LASSIE fair and bright, Who quiverest with joy at morning light, And with tender melancholy at sad, still night, Wilt thou write? Box 638-K.

SINGLE, LITERATE CORRESPONDENTS desired by appreciative, similar female. Box 639-K.

FEMALE CORRESPONDENT WANTED. A sales manager, now too busy to enjoy feminine companionship because of his constant travel about the country, would be grateful for occasional letters to remind him that women are amusing, fascinating, and troublesome. He is a graduate Psychologist; a professional writer in his leisure hours. Is seeking to find only one correspondent whom he hopes will be an adventurous wench of nimble and intriguing pen. Box 640-K.

CULTURED WOMAN, retired, seeks diversion via elderly correspondents. Box 641-K.

WOMAN OF REFINEMENT seeking diversion from intensive war work and mental isolation invites correspondence with cheerful, intelligent man or woman. Box 642-K.

CULTURED, PROFESSIONAL WOMAN in West would enjoy corresponding with high-grade, middle-aged men interested in travel, books, music, theatre, and outdoor life. Box 643-K.

YOUNG WOMAN, interested people, music, nature, writing, and many other things, is in mood for thought-provoking correspondence with intelligent masculine somebody who has zest for living and sense of humor. Box 644-K.

SOUTHERN GIRL IN NORTHERN COLLEGE interested sculpture, physics, humanity, desires diverting male correspondence. Box 645-K.

PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMAN seeks adventure via a feminine correspondence. Box 646-K.

INDUSTRIAL ECONOMIST, bachelor, partial to the outdoors, reading, music, desires correspondence with cultivated woman of similar bent. Box 647-K.

CARVED IVORY FIGURES—Oriental, wanted by collector. Will pay well for fine specimens. Communicate Box 648-K.

YOUNG MAN, PIANIST, linoleum block engraver, portrait collector, prolific letter writer, solicits letters from correspondents, male and female. Box 612-K.

WANTED—Copy of "Peter, the Wild Boy" (1939) by C. M. Tennent. New or second-hand. Box 578-K.

PERSONALS

REPRINT AND COMMENT "a magazine both timely and timeless." Vital issues examined thoroughly and presented interestingly and intelligently, could use angel with small wings. 885 West End Avenue, N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS OF HENRY JAMES: WINGS OF THE DOVE, 2 volumes; THE GOLDEN BOWL, 2 volumes; THE BETTER SORT, 1 volume. Second Edition: DAISY MILLER (1895) with McVickar marginal drawings. Highest bid above $50.00 accepted for lot. Box 659-K.

FINE GIFT FOR A CONVALESCENT! Marshall—"Wit and Humor of America," 10 volumes of continuous laughs, only $18.75. Box 613-K.

AVAILABLE: Combination of talent and tact. Young woman with experience as successful copywriter, publicist, commentator, secretary, solicits offers with post war possibilities from coast to coast. Box 621-K.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

NEW AND SECOND HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann Street. Oldest old book shop in New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING: INTELLIGENT, prompt, inexpensive. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th St., WI 2-1127.

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT twenty-three important services for authors, poets, write THE NATIONAL WRITERS CLUB, Denver 2, Colo.

HELEN GUILES, literary agent. Short stories, current articles and book manuscripts expertly criticized and marketed. 131 West 69th Street, New York City.

ORIGINAL SERMONS, SPEECHES, LECTURES, THESES, prepared—also printed sermons, addresses. Criticism, rewriting, ghostwriting of book-length manuscripts, short stories. Fiction Courses. Free circulars. CONTINENTAL WRITERS' and SPEAKERS' BUREAU, 210 Fifth Avenue, Dept. SR, New York.

LITERARY TYPING: Novels, plays, essays; also stenotype reporting, mimeographing; prompt efficient service; reasonable rates. ROLEN REPORTERS, 351 Pennsylvania Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, Literary Agent. Stories, novels, articles, books, marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 33 West 42nd Street, New York 18, N. Y.

DOROTHY MACKENZIE, Literary Agent, successor to Mathilde Weil. Manuscripts criticized and marketed. Send for circular. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

WRITERS: SEND FOR FREE CIRCULAR L-124, with unified sales plan for contracting your work. Otis Adelbert Kline, Literary Agent. Established 1923, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York 17.

DOROTHY LAUGHLIN McGUINN. Research, revision, ghostwriting, publicity, typing. 1401 North Hudson, Chicago.

LITERARY ASSISTANCE. Criticism, editing, revision, research. Articles, stories, books, theses. Long experience. MARY DOUGLAS, 70 Morningside Drive, New York 27.

LITERARY CRITIC AND AGENT. Unshackle yourself from the formula phobia. Advice on articles, fiction, books. By appointment only. Leza Marshal, 8 East 41 St., New York. LExington 2-3478.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, books, stories, novels, plays, screen, all languages, marketed; manuscripts typed. 19 West 44, New York 18.

CLASSIFIED

AUTHORS, ATTENTION—We are considering adding to our list of publications acceptable manuscripts of prose and poetry. MOSHER PRESS, 85 Washington Street. Boston, Mass.

WE PUBLISH, PRINT and DISTRIBUTE your manuscripts in pamphlet and book form. WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, Pamphlet Distributing Company, 313 West 35th Street, New York 1.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, reasonable, accurate, prompt. Aimee Porter, 1150 Partridge Ave., Beloit, Wis.

REVIEWS, ESSAYS, CLUB PAPERS, SPECIAL TREATISES, to requirements. Education, literary, economic, historical, investigations. Extensive experience. Charges reasonable. AUTHORS RESEARCH BUREAU, 516 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CORNELL LITERARY AGENCY, expert criticism and marketing of stories, novels, books and plays. 2 Columbus Circle, New York 19. CIrcle 6-6121.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED—PROOFREAD. Miss Herling, OLinville 2-3270, between 1-3 or after 7 P.M. NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS PUT IN ORDER for publication. Researches made. Experienced in editorial work. E. W. Brainard, Allerton House, 143 East 39 Street, N. Y. C.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOG. Several hundred beautiful designs. Address "Bookplates," Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th Street, N. Y.

ART SERVICES

PHOTOGRAPHER retouches, copies torn, faded negatives, snapshots, paintings. Tave, 17 East 42, N. Y. C.

LANGUAGES

PORTUGUESE. Also Spanish and 30 other languages. Booklet SR. BRAZILIAN BOOKS, 18 East 41st, New York, N. Y.

29 LANGUAGES by Linguaphone. Russian, Spanish, Portuguese—Direct conversational method for mastering any language quickly, easily, correctly at home. Send for FREE book. LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, 28 RCA Building, New York. CI 7-0830.

FRENCH BOOKS

WE PAY CASH for French books, complete libraries and smaller groups. Correspondence invited. FRENCH BOOK SHOP, 85 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively Mail order catalogues, 20c.

BOOKS

RUDYARD KIPLING: A FRIENDLY PROFILE. By Lucile Russell Carpenter. Illustrated with reproductions of rare and unpublished material. First edition . . . $2.00. Send for this and free interesting catalogue of rare and fine books. BEN ABRAMSON'S ARGUS BOOK SHOP, 3 West 46 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

LINCOLNIANA: Civil War; American history, biography, literature. Send for lists. Abraham Lincoln Book Shop, 16 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

BOOKS by and about Walt Whitman. First editions, good books, fine prints. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

HENRY MILLER'S "PLIGHT"—$1.50. Porter, 2303 Durant, Berkeley, California.

THE VIRGIN AND THE SWINE, by Evangeline Walton. A historical novel based on the great Welsh Epic, the Mabinogion. First edition . . . $2.50. Send for this and for free catalogue of rare books today. BEN ABRAMSON'S ARGUS BOOK SHOP, 3 West 46 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crostics Club

SOME of you may have read in the *New York Times* of December 3 a letter from Mabel Durham Locke confirming from personal evidence George S. Kaufman's date in "On Getting Mr. Apley Straight" as 1912 for the birth of the Copley Plaza in Boston. The week before I had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Locke, who had written me of old memories aroused by mention of actors and plays in our DCs. The wife of the late Robinson Locke, editor of the *Toledo Blade,* son of the noted humorist and editor, Petroleum V. Nasby (David R. Locke), Mrs. Locke had, herself, won her spurs as an actor and has known almost everybody ever before the footlights or engaged in writing. She recalled them vividly and her telling was enhanced by a rich voice and a vibrant personality.

Of many welcome letters received la[t] .y one from fourteen-year-old Jack Copland, Los Angeles, was unique. As a recent subscriber to the *SRL,* his love of reading and interest in words has turned him toward the DCs. With the help of family and friends he is making fair progress, but he still has "quite a bit of trouble"; hence his letter for specific helps to tide him over.

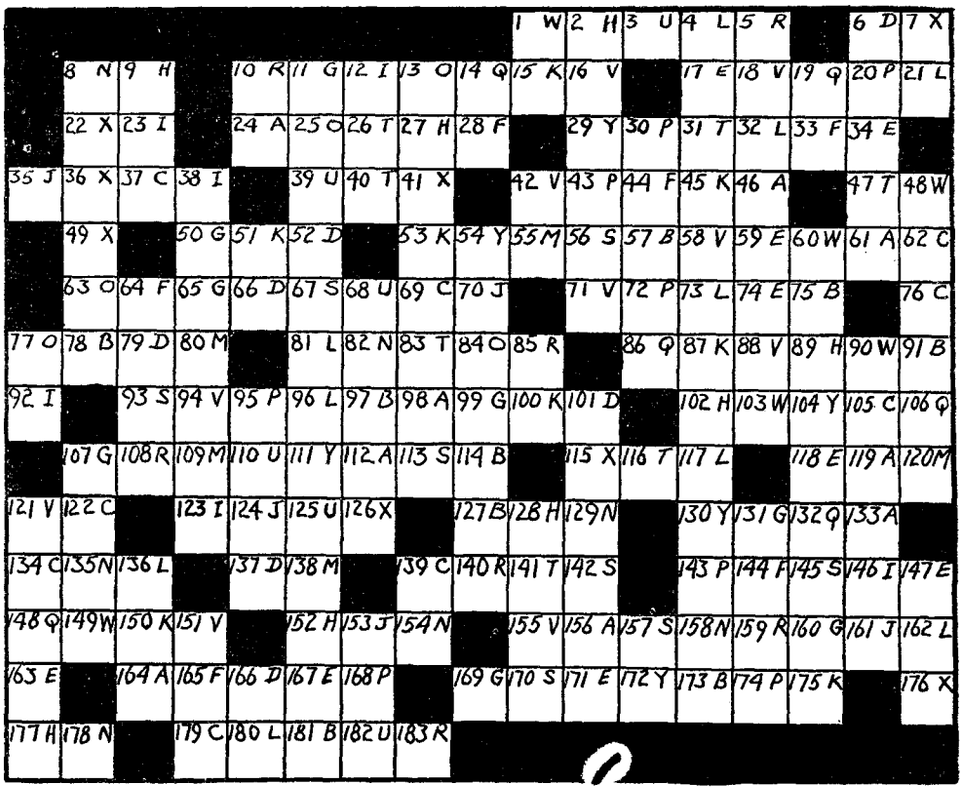
On several occasions I have been asked to do books of DCs for young folks. My reaction to such invitations has been that even with a choice of simple quotations it is not always possible to control an equally simple choice of words in more than a few DCs; and, further, that the psychology underlying the working of a DC is too complex for the average youngster.

This inability to control entirely the choice of words when many DCs are involved is my answer to pleas from experienced DCers that I discard certain words and use other types. I deliberately discard whole categories of words, like specific scientific terms and not generally known literary characters, and *local* geographical names, etc.—because I believe that they do not appeal to the liking of the average DCer or contribute usefully to his or her knowledge.

A greeting I gave you a few years ago from George E. Woodberry's *The North Shore Watch* bears remembrance at this season:

On deepest night arisen, the morning star
Trembles across the wide unquiet sea
And heavenward springs, with influence felt afar,—
The world's new hope he leads, the day to be!
Speed on, glad star, and golden be thy flight
Inviolable, serene, the waters o'er!
Fear not the eclipsing west, O born to soar,
And dying, die in light.
Bring, bring the morning with her tides of song,
Her floods of amber air, breaking earth's heights along.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 561

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To oppose; resist.

B. Members of an Indonesian group of Luzon, P. I.

C. Polish pianist and harpsichordist; interpreter of early keyboard music (1877-).

D. Scottish friend, steward, and amanuensis of Sir Walter Scott.

E. Felt repugnance or aversion to.

F. Plying with importunity.

G. At once (Colloq.; 2 wds.)

H. The embodiment of a form of wisdom (Gnostic theology).

I. English founder of *Strand* Magazine (1891), in which "Sherlock Holmes" first appeared.

J. Irish poet noted for her beauty and her poem "Psyche" (1805).

K. Capital of a western state (U. S.)

L. A gem popularly believed to draw out snake's poison (2 wds.)

M. A cereal fungous disease or a valuable drug from its dark bodies.

N. A snob; a toady (Anglo-Irish).

O. Second son of Aaron (Bib.)

P. A memento.

Q. Inactive; dead (2 wds.)

R. American sociologist (1883-; "Education in Soviet Russia." "War," etc.)

S. Moving aimlessly along the line of least resistance.

T. National god of the Moabites.

U. American industrialist and political leader, active in Cooper Union (1822-1903).

V. To go back to an earlier state.

W. Truly; indeed.

X. Slaughter of animals for food, acc. to rabbinic law (Jewish Relig.)

Y. To run counter to.

WORDS

119	112	46	24	164	156	98	61	133
78	114	181	75	97	173	127	91	57
139	134	69	122	105	76	62	179	37
79	137	6	101	66	166	52		
34	59	118	163	147	171	167	74	17
64	33	44	144	28	165			
11	65	160	169	99	131	50	107	
177	102	128	27	89	9	152	2	
23	146	123	38	12	92			
35	124	70	153	161				
53	45	100	175	15	150	87	51	
21	73	136	117	4	162	81	32	180
80	55	109	120	138				
178	82	158	135	154	129	8		
13	63	84	77	25				
174	168	20	43	95	143	30	72	
19	148	132	86	106	14			
183	5	140	85	108	159	10		
67	157	170	145	142	56	113	93	
31	40	83	26	47	141	116		
110	3	182	68	39	125			
18	88	58	16	71	151	121	94	42
90	48	60	149	1	103			
7	36	41	126	22	115	49	176	
172	54	130	104	29	111			

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fiction within these pages is the story of freedom struggling from its chains and marching toward liberation."

—Daniel A. Poling, *Christian Herald*

While Still We Live

By HELEN MacINNES

Author of ABOVE SUSPICION and ASSIGNMENT IN BRITTANY

THE story of Sheila Mathews, an English girl actively involved in Poland's epic underground resistance.

Jan Karski, author of STORY OF A SECRET STATE, in a letter: "I never thought it possible for a foreigner to describe Polish life, characters, cities, customs, etc., with such understanding and exactitude. It is queer that only in reading this book about Poland did I actually see my companions who fight there on the other side of the barricade. Many books have been written about Europe in this war, many films shown, but no one would dare to bring them to Europe after the war. But (this) book is different, I wish it could be translated into Polish and read in Poland after the war. The fact that the world understood and saw them in the right light would make my people happy. The Polish characters described are truly Polish in their faults and good qualities. I met these people in my underground activities and I saw them once again, while reading (the) book."

Sir John C. Squire, noted English critic in *The Illustrated London News:* "... in retrospect the book is not a spy-story at all, but an ample picture of the war which, ever since the Germans battered Warsaw into apparent surrender, Poles of all kinds and classes, landlords, officers, professors and peasants, have been waging against the Germans ... The "spy" thread is here. There is even a love-story, for those who insist on it: and tender and touching and delicate it is. But the book is really about marooned Poland ... The thing is so vivid, the bombing of Warsaw, the street-fights, the Gestapo tortures, the despondency when the Russians came in from the East, the gradual assemble of secret forces in farmhouses, the obliteration of villages and their inhabitants, that I felt, as I read, that the author must have been there."

At all bookstores • $2.75

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY • BOSTON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED